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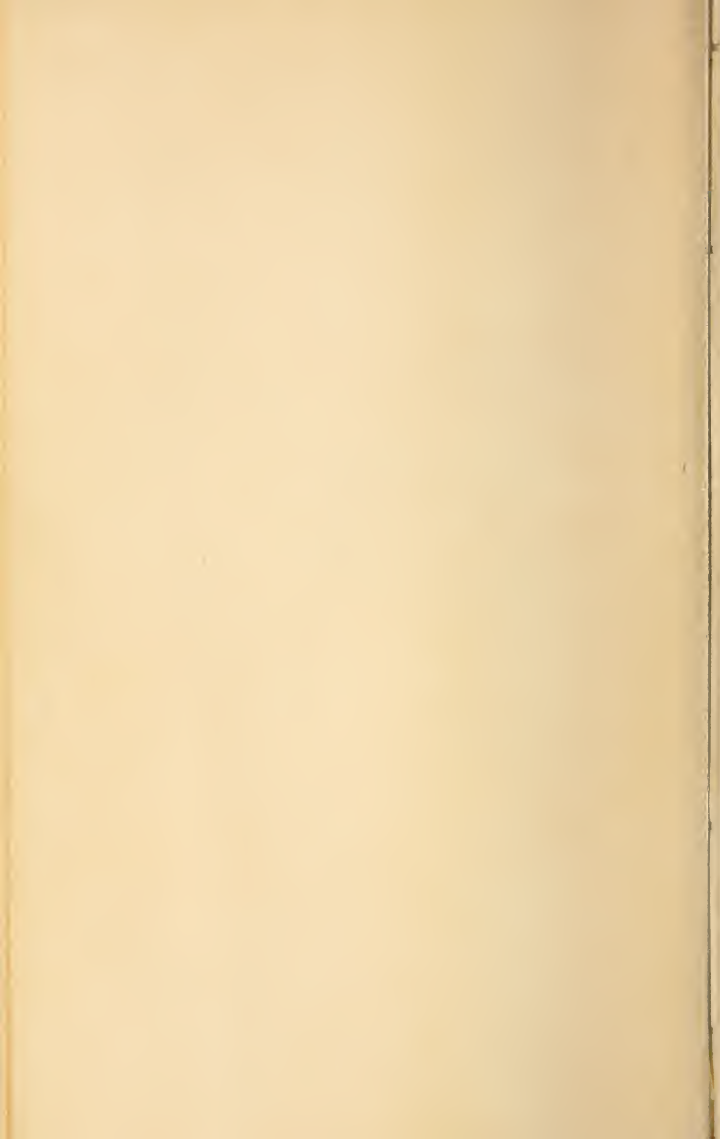
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ELDER HENRY KENDALL,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

PROF. J. T. CHAMPLIN.



PORTLAND: *W*

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1853.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages contain the memorial of the labors, and sufferings, and Christian experience of one of the pioneers in the Baptist cause in the State of Maine. When this State was yet but a part of Massachusetts, and occupied only by scattered settlements, here and there, at the most advantageous points, it was penetrated by the Baptists of the bordering states, who, gathering strength as they advanced, soon traversed its length and breadth, and preached the gospel at all the principal places. Like all pioneers, these preachers were a race of hardy and enterprising men. Vigorous in body and mind, they cherished a not less vigorous zeal for the cause in which they were engaged. Laboring among pioneers in the settlement of the country, they brought themselves into sympathy with their hearers, by the exhibition of the same bold, decided spirit. They attacked the consciences of men very much as the woodsman attacked the trees. They laid the axe to the root with a vigorous hand, and as blow after blow was dealt home, the forest re-echoed with the sound.

At this distance of time, and after so great improvements in the condition of the country, and of society, it is hardly possible to conceive the difficulties which

they encountered, and the suffering which they endured. Without public conveyances, or even well-defined roads, they had to track their way, as best they could, through long distances, from settlement to settlement, or penetrate the unbroken forest to some remote logging camp, now, perhaps, the site of a flourishing village. In all these places they sowed the seed of the Word with a liberal hand; committing it to the waters, confident that it would appear again after many days. And so it did. In these preaching tours of the early fathers, the nucleus of many a church was formed, and Baptist sentiments were widely diffused. The succession of bishops, in a large part of our churches in the State, if traced back but a few steps, ends in these apostolical fathers. Indeed, (to our shame be it said), they founded more churches than the present generation has been able to maintain.

But not only so, the preaching of these primitive evangelists acted powerfully upon the entire religious condition of the State. The old parish system which prevailed in the State, as in Massachusetts, had thoroughly secularized the churches, where any existed, till but few traces of evangelical religion remained. The Baptist elders appearing among these decayed churches were regarded as *New Lights*, speaking a strange dialect, and teaching strange doctrines. But wherever they went the people flocked around them, some from real interest, and some from curiosity; and as is often the case, those who came to mock frequently

returned to pray. The community was thoroughly aroused, revivals followed in their train, and churches of living members were formed in a multitude of places. The early Baptist fathers performed in Maine what Whitfield, Tennent, and Edwards did in many of the other states. They broke the formalism of the old Puritan churches, and revived the fast vanishing doctrine of the new birth.

The publication of a book of so humble pretensions as this, which lays no claim to elegance of style, or literary finish of any kind, may appear to some an impropriety. But I do not deem it thus. Far from it. These early laborers pursued their calling under great disadvantages, and amid many difficulties. We have entered into their labors, and it is good for us to be reminded by whose toils we enjoy our present goodly heritage, and to be stimulated by their example to greater self-denial, and more persevering labors. While, therefore these memorials will be specially grateful to those familiar with the scenes and events which they commemorate, they will be interesting and profitable to all.

Besides, recent events exhibit a gratifying interest in the early history of our denomination in this country. Two Baptist Historical Societies, one in Boston, and one in Philadelphia, have recently been formed under very favorable auspices. In this early history, the Maine Chapter, will be found to be one of no common interest. I know of no part of our country where so humble means have accomplished more noble and

enduring results. The pioneers in the cause were few in number and poor in estate, without rank or learning to give them influence, and, altogether such a class of men as few would have thought adequate to so great a work. But they were men of great vigor of body and mind, and some of them of a peculiar nobleness of nature, and more than all, of a truly evangelical zeal. Whatever contributes therefore, like these memoirs, to illustrate their labors, cannot be devoid of interest.

Most of them have passed away from the scenes of earth. One after another they have been gathered to their fathers, like shocks of corn in their season, without leaving behind them any extended memorial of their lives, except in the recollections of the churches. Among the last is the subject and author of the following memoir, who in the vigor of a green old age, has been able to collect together these memoirs of his long and toilsome life, for the incitement and encouragement of those who are to come after him. May they be blessed by the Great Head of the church to the good of coming generations.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, JUNE, 1853.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY EDUCATION.

I was born in the town of Sanford, in what was then the District of Maine, on the third day of July, A. D., 1774, in a little hut in the wilderness. My parents were very poor, and the occurrence of the Revolutionary struggle being in the first years of my life was in no respect favorable to any improvement in their circumstances. When I was about five years old, my father made a profession of religion, and soon became a wild fanatic. His subsequent course involved his family in great wretchedness. My mother was extremely kind and prudent; but sad and broken-hearted. Her sufferings, for many years, were great beyond description. The children of the family were ten in number.

When nearly ten years of age, I went in to live with Capt. S. Hatch, at a place called Maryland Ridge, in the adjoining town of Wells.

Here I was well provided for, and treated with great kindness. Mrs. Hatch was a very pious woman, and a member of Elder Nathaniel Lord's church in Berwick. She was wont to give me a copper for every Hymn I learned out of Watts, and after I had committed about thirty, her minister, Elder Lord, called to see her, and I was required to stand before him and repeat the thirty Hymns in succession. When I had finished, the old servant laid his hand on my head and pronounced a fervent benediction. At the close of the year I was called home, to the grief of myself and my benefactors. This was the only sunny spot in my childhood.

When I was a little more than twelve years old, my father decided to have a reformation in the family, for some of his children, he thought, had become very wicked. Accordingly, one evening, he commenced with a son and a daughter, one about twenty, the other eighteen years of age. He soon got them down on their knees, praying at the top of their voices. They continued about an hour, my father walking about and telling them how to proceed. All at once they sprang upon their feet, clapping their hands and shouting "Glory to God!" After their zeal had somewhat abated, my father took the

three younger ones, myself and two others, in hand. We were sitting together on a bench, when he came to us and said, "you must pray or you will go directly to hell." Thinking it must be so, we, of course, fell upon our knees and began to pray with all our might. I thought if I could pray just as father did, the Lord would surely hear me. We continued till I could say no more. It was now nearly midnight, and father thought we might safely adjourn till morning. The next morning the news went abroad, and the neighbors came together to see the wonderful sight. My father then called upon my brother and sister to pray: they both kneeled down and prayed as vehemently as the night before. He then apprised the spectators of what Henry had done the evening previous;—that he prayed till he was obliged to desist from utter exhaustion. The reader may be sure that I was glad to hear this, for I wanted every body to know how good I was. After a few days my voice was restored so that I was able to commence praying anew; and such was my proficiency in the work, that my father told me I was converted. Believing he knew, I, of course, became very happy. I loved to pray alone; but mostly where I could be heard of others. A

few months after this my dear, broken-hearted mother was obliged to leave her miserable home and her dear children, and seek a hiding place among distant friends. Here delicacy forbids my saying more.

Soon after, my father disappeared, and I saw no more of them for a number of years. Four little children, of whom I was the oldest, were now left with no other reliance than the mercy of God, in an unfriendly world. I then sought a home among distant relations whom I had never seen. After travelling in different directions nearly four hundred miles, I found a home for a few months, north of Center Harbor, New Hampshire; but, not being treated well, I left and went to another place where I remained a year. At this place I was well used. At this time I was very anxious to learn the shoemaker and tanner's trade. Accordingly, I went to Center Harbor and commenced the trade with Mr. M——. After some months, on application to the Select Men, I was bound an-apprentice to this man; but it was not long before I saw the difference between a poor orphan, exiled from his family and friends, and a child at home. Mr. Marston was a merciless tyrant, and through his neglect my sufferings, especially in cold

weather, were more than I can describe.— Friendless orphan that I was, more than orphan in every sense of the term, my condition seemed to invite the combined tyranny of both master and mistress. Sometimes they were quite pleasant to me, and at other times they thumped me with a bark rake till I was quite stunned ; or whipped me so that I have carried the scars for weeks. In this way I wore out my apprenticeship, having no friend to interfere in my behalf. I was treated as a slave. I used sometimes to wish that they would kill me outright, that I might be out of my misery. I had never been to school a day in my life, until I went to my trade ; and I had only attended school three weeks during my apprenticeship. My master taught me nothing but the coarse work in the shop. When I was twenty-one years of age, they gave me about five dollars worth of clothes ; and as my indentures proved illegal, I could recover no more ; all was gone.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION, BAPTISM AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

I will now give the reader some account of my religious experience.

When I went to Center Harbor to live, I found myself in a very wicked place. There was seldom a meeting, of any kind, from one year to another. I had already, at the age of seventeen, acquired quite a taste for dancing, and was much enchanted with the violin. But I had hard work to bring my conscience to submit; for I had always kept debt and credit with the Lord: and in all my troubles and dangers I used to pray, and promise to be good. In this way I kept my false hope alive. After I became satisfied about dancing, (for I had decided that it was no harm, if I was not too rude,) I had less trouble with my conscience. When too rude, I repented and prayed and promised to do better.

In this way I lived until I was in my eighteenth year. I recollect that one day during this period, I was on the lake, fishing for trout, with several of my companions; they were very profane and went so far as to form a swearing match to see which could go farthest in profanity. My blood ran cold, and I expected the ice would open and swallow us all up. But I thought if I was twenty rods from them there would be no danger, for the Lord knew that I was better than they, as I never allowed myself to use profane language in my life. I mention this as an illustration of my self-righteous spirit.

About the time I was nineteen years old, several of my companions and I met one evening for music and dancing. Nothing arose to mar my feelings till about nine o'clock. I was on the floor dancing with others, when, instantly the veil was taken from my mind, and I saw myself on the brink of death, and an awful eternity before me, which I was unprepared to meet. The thought chilled me to the heart; but as I knew not what it meant, I strove to hide my feelings. My pleasure, however, was ended, and I was glad when the hour of separation arrived. I went home, and never was more relieved to find myself alone. I tried to settle with my offended

Maker, and with my guilty conscience, by applying the old remedy, repentance and good resolutions, but it was of no use. Sleep departed from my eyes; Death and Judgment were before me. I found that the Law of God was out against me, and I was under its dreadful curse. My former hopes had fled. I saw that my prayers were nothing but mockery, and my promises no better than lies. In this situation I spent several weeks with no meeting to attend, no Christian to speak to me; for there was not one in the vicinity.

After I had been in this situation one or two months, one of my companions came to me and wanted to know why I had forsaken their company. I told him that I had no more time to spend in that way. He left me and came no more. I read the Bible whenever I could do it secretly. I saw in the light of its teachings that my heart was vile and sinful; but the Law of God, holy and just, although it condemned me in every part. I felt that my guilt was great; and I saw no way to escape the wrath of God. I even envied the brutes and reptiles their being.

Thus nearly three months had passed away, when I heard that a Baptist minister was to preach in a distant neighborhood on the Sabbath.

I succeeded in going to meeting. The minister began his sermon; and soon told me all the things that ever I did in my life. He described my self-righteousness, my prayers and promises and reformations; and then stated that we might as well dig down a mountain of flint with a feather as attempt to get to heaven on such a plan. I then felt that all was gone without some invisible guide—some divine aid. On my way home I experienced a strange sensation. For a few moments I felt light as air, and every thing around me appeared new. But this did not last long, neither could I tell what it meant. The minister made an appointment to preach at the same place again in two weeks. I put great dependence on going to that meeting; but when the time came I was forbidden to go. My lot was to stay at home and take care of the children, while the rest of the family went to meeting. My disappointment was so great that it was hard to be reconciled. I then went to my room with the New Testament and an old sermon-book, and in these I read alternately as much as my time and distress would allow. A little past the middle of the day, I opened the Bible, at the fifth of Matt., sixth verse. “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness

for they shall be filled." These words seemed to meet my case, and afforded a gleam of hope for a moment ; but it soon left me darker than before. About three in the afternoon, I saw a host of people coming from the meeting ; and I was told that Mr. Knowles and his wife were going to the pond to be baptized. At this my heart leaped within me. I left the house and repaired to the water and got on the wharf. The people soon collected, and the old minister, Elder Jewell, began to talk about Christ and the way of salvation. He then prayed and baptized the candidates. While these things were performed before me, I had my first view of the glory and beauty of Christ, and of the way of salvation by grace, together with the subjects and mode of baptism.

The minister and candidates looked like angelic beings ; every thing put on a glory that was new to me : but when I left the water I fell in with one of my companions, who had been very profane, but now appeared serious. We walked away together and took a seat in a retired place, and conversed freely ; but after some time a thought came into my mind that I was trying to make my comrade believe that I was better than others. This alarmed me so that I left him.

I felt as though I was a hypocrite, and darkness covered my mind ; but in reading the Bible, I found it a new book ; and it afforded me relief. Formerly its curses were against me ; but now its promises were sweet, and it was to me a precious book. I had now almost two years of my apprenticeship to serve, and there was not a professor of religion in the place.

Here I would observe that I had never spoken to Mr. Knowles or his wife on the subject of religion ; but I longed for the privilege, and when, at one time during the winter, I was sent to his house on an errand, my heart leaped for joy. I hurried in order to gain time to hear them converse upon the subject which lay nearest my heart. When I arrived at their house, I did my errand, and then waited for them to speak to me of religious things.

But though they looked to me like holy beings, yet they did not name the subject in which I was so deeply interested. I stopped as long as I dared, and then returned with a heavy heart, and bitter weeping, running with all my might so as not to be blamed for my delay. By this, the reader will see the difference between my situation and that of those who enjoy the privileges of the present day.

But soon after this, my master moved to Moultenboro', where it was often boasted that there was not a Baptist in town. And indeed there were none but Universalists and Arminians in the place. However, it was soon reported that I was a Baptist; which rendered me an object of contempt and speculation. I was attacked on every side, but their arguments had the same effect on me that the wind has on the trees in an open field, causing them to take deeper root; they confirmed me in the views I already entertained.

Immediately after I had finished my services, I hired out a month at haying for seven dollars, and having spent the proceeds of my month's labor for clothing, I went to Center Harbor. Here I tarried the first night at Mr. John Bean's, when, for the first time, I met with Elder Nicholas Folsom, who was then on a visit at Mr. Bean's. Mr. Bean's daughter had lately met with a change of heart. Here, for the first time, I had the privilege of hearing Christian experience and Christian trials. By this I found my hope increased and my faith strengthened. I then went to visit Bro. Knowles and wife; and, finding them very lonely, and glad to see me, I gave them some account of what I had passed through.

I referred to a previous call at their house, and told them how I ran all the way from home to gain time to hear them converse on religion, and how grieved I was that they did not name it. At this they both wept bitterly, and asked me to forgive them. They said it was a lesson they should never forget; and truly it has been to me, although I have too often forgotten it.

Here I would remark, that even Christians often overlook such opportunities of doing good. Had those dear Christians in whom I had so much confidence, entered into my feelings, what an unspeakable help it might have been to me during the two long years I was separated from all Christian society. I have frequently thought of the magnitude of the sins of omission of which Christians are often guilty, and of the innumerable ways in which they neglect their duty: thus losing the opportunity of doing that which might tell on the eternal destinies of thousands. And though I have occasion to weep over my own frequent omissions of duty, yet to some extent the Lord has helped me to improve some of those opportunities, and the amount of good that has resulted, will be rightly counted in eternity. I have often thought that the highest degree of perfection that can be attained on earth

is to know how to prize and how to improve the present moment ; and what an amount of distress has been endured by pious souls who were weak in faith and hope, all of which might, perhaps, have been prevented, but for the neglect of Christians. What an amount of bitter regret has been felt by Christians, on account of neglected duties, when their friends have been snatched from their presence forever. When shall we learn to be wise ? But I must return to my narrative.

From Center Harbor I went to Meredith where I found a reformation. There I found a language that I well understood. My hope was then revived, and in about a month I was baptized by Elder Nicholas Folsom, and united with the Baptist church in Meredith, in September, 1775. Here I would mention a sore trial I had about being baptized. I had long regarded the ordinance as a duty, and thought of the occasion with delight ; but when the time came and the church received me, I was in total darkness. The tempter told me that I was a hypocrite, and that if I went into the water, I should be drowned ; and it looked so just that it should be so, that I began to think it would be. I, however, prepared myself and went with the company to the water.

There was also an old lady (whose name was Black) to be baptized at the same time. It was said by all that knew her, that she was very pious. But the impression that I was deceived, and that if I went into the water, I should surely be drowned, went through my soul like fiery darts. But I thought I had felt it my duty in time past, and possibly this might be the work of the tempter, and so I ventured forward. But when I was buried in the water it strangled me a little, and now, said the tempter, you have the sure mark of a hypocrite ; for Christians never strangle when they are baptized. I was particularly anxious therefore to see how it fared with the old lady. And when I saw that she was baptized without the least struggle, I thought verily it is the truth, and my heart sank like a stone. I felt that I would have given the world, could I have taken all back again that I had done. But when we left the water, the brethren commenced singing a hymn which brought light and comfort to my mind. It was soon whispered to me, however, that I was like old Saul when the evil spirit left, while David played before him with his harp.

After this my hope gradually increased so that I enjoyed many comfortable seasons inter-

mixed with fears and doubts. As it was my custom when I felt comfortable under a sermon, occasionally to witness to its truth, I soon became an object of contempt among the wicked. I recollect that I was one day called to the training-field, it being general muster. I happened to be placed on the front rank, and on either side and behind me were vile scoffers and drunken blasphemers. Whenever the officers were absent they would hold a counsel respecting me. One would say, "what do you think about his being a minister?" Another would answer "he is too short," another said "he is not straight enough," and gave me a kick, saying you must stand straighter, or you will never make a minister. When at last we were ordered to ground our arms, they took my gun and threw it away on the Common. I went quietly and brought it back but made no reply to any of their abuses. On a friend's coming along and chiding them for abusing me, I told him they were doing me no harm.

In all this I thought I enjoyed the smiles of the Saviour and rejoiced that I was counted worthy to suffer for his sake. I went home with my faith strengthened while meditating on this text, "Who maketh thee to differ." I pitied

those scoffers who, giving themselves over to all manner of wickedness, became hardened in sin. And I could but reflect upon the distinguishing mercy shown to me. Why, instead of being a trembling believer, was I not an open and obscene scoffer at religion ?

In the course of this year, I finished my trade and commenced shoemaking at people's houses. I then became exposed to bad company, and being naturally lively, I was soon led away by its influence. By degrees I lost my confidence and the comfort of hope, so that for four years and a half I had but little pleasure in the truths and duties of religion. I fell into some sins which will be to me as broken bones to the day of my death ; and what I suffered while in spiritual Babylon, of guilt, despair and temptation, I shall never be able to relate. I had a standing in the church all this time, though utterly unworthy. I had a regard for the cause of Christ and could not bear to hear it spoken against.

In the fourth year of my stay in Babylon, I was married, and commenced keeping house without family prayer ; but I had hard work, for it followed me like a ghost. But I was so guil-

ty that I could not perform it. During the last six months, however, my distress was so great that I was driven to despair. I regretted that I had ever made a profession of religion; for then I should not have wounded the cause of Christ. I thought I had just light enough to seal my eternal misery. I regretted that I had ever had a being. I thought that if I was lost I could not even have the lot of common sinners. I thought if I could be banished into some remote corner of the earth where I should never hear the name of God blasphemed, it might quiet my anguish. I was powerfully tempted to put an end to my life, and know the worst of my case. As I was one day working in the woods alone and thinking over my condition, I concluded that I would go to the church and tell them that I was the Jonah—that they must put me overboard or the church would sink, on my account: but it occurred to my mind that if I told them so they would have more hope of me. I then grew angry, for I could not live in the church and I saw no way to get out of it. I thought the church were all hypocrites or they would know that I was one. I used to try to pray in secret, but I could not get near the Throne of Grace.

In this situation I continued for some time, till one morning in the month of May I went to one of my neighbors to make a garden; and before I got to the house Mrs. Roberts came out to meet me. She appeared to be in great agony about the state of her soul, and told me that a young woman residing in her family had found peace in the Saviour, and that she was left forever. While I was hearing her joyful and mournful story I felt remorse and despair. But before I was aware, my mind was contemplating terrestrial things. I was filled with joy and grief. I had a glimpse of the Saviour suited to my condition. The young lady went to Elder Folsom's, and in about two hours I followed her and spent the day very joyfully. On returning home I told my wife what I had seen, and then fell on my knees and poured out my soul in prayer to God. I felt my sins forgiven and my backslidings healed. From this time I was much impressed with the duty of confessing my sins to the church and also to the neighbors, which I did with great delight.

I saw so many stumbling blocks laid in the way of my fellow sinners that I felt that I could never confess enough. My heart ran over with

exhortations to my brethren and to sinners. A revival commenced at this time and continued for some time, in which we had stated prayer-meetings. From this time until June 1801, I often used my gift in prayer and exhortation, and enjoyed the privilege. But as I was at work one day in my tanyard, these words came into my mind as though they were spoken by some invisible power,—YOU MUST PREACH THE GOSPEL. They had a strong effect upon my mind, as it was a subject entirely new to me. They followed me about a month constantly. At first, I supposed them to be from the enemy, and that he was trying to remove me out of my place in the church, which I much feared. I also reasoned with myself that such a man as I could never be called to such a work,—one of no learning and so inferior to others of my fellow beings. But still the impression followed me for some time and then began to abate.

At this time my wife was sick and considered nigh unto death. She had not professed religion. I had labored much with her for some months until she wished me to let her alone, saying,—“the more you talk to me the worse I grow.” She was in great distress; and one day said to me,—“I shall die and go to hell.”—

These words came back upon me like a mountain. I thought it would be even so, and that my conversation had been the means of hardening her, and now I must be left alone, with the reflection that I had been the means of the everlasting misery of my wife. For a few hours my grief was indescribable. At length it came into my mind to examine what I had told her, and came to the conclusion that I had told her truth which would stand forever; that I had labored for the salvation of her soul, and if she neglected it I was clear. I then had such a view of the justice of God, together with the sovereignty of his Grace, that I was filled and overwhelmed with the Glory of God. I felt a freedom in prayer for her recovery that I had not before felt. The next day she was better and soon recovered.

But soon I found my mind running upon certain texts of Scripture, from which no other subject could long divert it. I then found it difficult for me to conceal my labor of mind from my brethren. As I had to take the lead of our weekly meetings, in order to pass on unsuspected, I would read a chapter and then give my views on some parts of it, and then close my remarks with an exhortation. When alone, my

mind was employed in thinking upon the greatness of God's mercy to me, the preciousness of the cause of Christ and of the souls of my fellow-beings. I often felt as if it would be my greatest delight to spend my life in recommending religion to a perishing world. I thirsted after Bible knowledge : it was a precious book to me. But having no time to study it, I used to keep it open in my window when at work on my bench. In this way I became somewhat familiar with it. I would find myself when alone preaching from some text of scripture. I often had something to say by way of confession and exhortation after my minister had done preaching, until on one Sabbath my minister took the following text : "Keep thy feet when thou goest to the House of God, and be more ready to hear than to offer the sacrifice of fools." I thought he selected that text to prevent me from speaking in meeting. I was ashamed to look up for several weeks and dared not open my lips in meeting. At length I could restrain my feelings no longer, and had to give vent to the feelings of my heart. But though the impression of preaching lay heavy upon my mind, and I was often followed by "Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel," yet I kept all my trials from

the church. I had a family ; had just begun in the world as a mechanic, with a good run of custom ; and a prospect of doing well. I foresaw that if I must preach I must leave my business, and in that direction nothing but poverty stared me in the face. At length I came to the conclusion, to act present duty and leave the event with God. About this time our minister was absent on the Sabbath, and Dea. Swain took the lead of the meeting in the forenoon, and told me I must lead in the afternoon. It was with much trembling that I attempted ; but after prayer and singing, while looking round on the people, these words rolled in upon my mind, "All flesh is as grass" &c &c. I arose and repeated the words without a Bible, and commenced speaking. A flow of bible truth poured into my mind so that I knew not when to stop. After this I found it was whispered throughout the church that Bro. K. was called to preach, which produced strange sensations of mind. I found I had gone too far ; they had found me out. When the season of the Association arrived I went to the town of Rumney with other brethren to attend the Meredith Association. There I found a powerful revival of religion, and my heart was full of love for souls ; and the work

of recommending a precious Saviour to a dying world seemed wholly to absorb me. After my return home I appointed a meeting at Bro. ———'s house. Here, for the first time, I took a text in common form and spake as the Lord directed me. I told my brethren they might call it what they pleased, and do what they saw fit with me; I had acted what I felt to be my duty. From that time, Oct. 1801, up to the present time, 1849, I have tried to preach the Gospel, as far as in me lay.

I would mention here that when I first went into the neighborhood where I afterwards set up my trade, one of the men in town offered to give me an acre of land suitable for a tannery if I would set up my trade in that place. I afterwards accepted the offer, and not being acquainted with doing business I commenced building without a deed, and continued to labor until I had built a tanyard, a bark house, a shoemaker and currier's shop, and also a house and barn. I carried on the business with fair prospects until I commenced preaching. Some time after this I called upon the generous donor for a deed. He told me that if I would give him a bond to carry on the business on the spot during my natural life, he would give me a

deed, otherwise he would not. I told him I had served my apprenticeship, and I now chose to be a free man, and that I would not thank him for his property on that condition; and if he had not honor enough to redeem his promise, I could do without it. My improvements ought to have paid me seven hundred dollars. He said he did not intend to give me anything for them because he got me there for a shoemaker not a minister. I was then brought into very trying circumstances. My ungodly neighbors were excited against me because they thought I was unsteady. My wife also arose in violent opposition against my preaching. By this time my trials were great. I found I must abandon the idea of preaching or sacrifice domestic happiness and what little property I had gained. Here the struggle was hard and long. On the one hand was property and wealth, on the other affliction and poverty. This state of things gave me much cause for prayer. Some times I made up my mind to work at my trade; at other times to preach the Gospel.

About this time, a brother by the name of Robinson who united with the church with me six years before, and who had been into the

State of Maine to work for the season, returned home and came to visit me. I was led to inquire of him how he had found the cause of Christ, and what was the state of religion in that region. While he was relating to me the destitution in that region, there came to my mind the conviction that I must go into that wilderness and spend the rest of my days in preaching Christ. This impression I could never erase from my mind; but how it could be accomplished was quite out of my sight. I thought that if my house had been filled with gold I could have parted with it all for the sake of doing good to my fellow-men. But it was all dark, and the sources of my afflictions increased until my spirit was overwhelmed. At this time this precious promise came to my help. "Fear not thou worm Jacob, for I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains"—Isa. 41: 14. From this passage I was enabled to believe that if it was my duty to preach, the Lord would open the way.

At this time I was called upon to supply the place of Elder Folsom in another part of the town on the Sabbath, and I gave some encour-

agement ; but when Saturday came, I was thrown into a severe trial. It was suggested to me that if I went I should be shut up before the people ; the cause of Christ wounded ; and I reflected on myself that I had engaged to go. Sabbath morning my troubles increased until I knew not what to do. I at length started, feeling more like a man going to execution, than like a person going to preach the Gospel. When I came near the place, it was whispered to me, you have no text : and in the bitterness of my soul I reflected that if I was not called to preach, I wanted none. But when the time came, I was furnished with a subject, and enjoyed unexpected help throughout the day. I then appointed a meeting on my way back in the evening ; and when returning there, it occurred to my mind that God had given me incontestible evidence of my call to preach, giving me such assistance at that time, and delivering me from the power of temptation ; so that I could now go on with my work with delight. But how little did I know of the art of Satan who was then blotting my soul with sin. That evening I had a barren season, and returned home feeling that Satan had filled me with spiritual pride.

In this way I continued to labor through the

winter; preaching nearly every Sabbath, attending lectures, funerals and prayer-meetings. In the month of March, I went to Newburyport to visit my sister Dūnyan. Up to this time there had never been a Baptist church in that place; but I found some Presbyterians and a few scattering Baptists that appeared very spiritual, and who became much interested in my lectures. At this time I became acquainted with Capt. O'Brien, who afterwards moved to Brunswick and became a Baptist, also with Dr. Chaplin and wife and with John Butler who was then a young man. If I understood him aright, he received his first comfort from a sermon he then heard me preach.

One afternoon I went to see old sister Taylor who came from Exeter and was living with her daughter. A number of pious women came in and we had an excellent conference. Sister Taylor's daughter was a proud haughty scorner. She took no interest whatever in our conversation; but kept steady at work sewing. Before we separated, the ladies went to look at her work. She spread it out on her carpet. They asked her what she called it. She told them it was Job's troubles, and she did not know how he would get out of it. She then began to fold

it up. I requested her to stop. She did so. I then observed that her picture of Job most solemnly presented to me the situation of her soul; that it was not only spotted with sin, but it was defiled throughout; that unless it was purified by the blood of Christ, it would be lost forever. These remarks went home to her heart. The tears stood in her eyes. I prayed, and we parted.

That night she was in such distress that she called her mother out of her bed to pray for her. The next day while I was preaching, the Lord set her soul at liberty. The next day her brother called to see her. He used very abusive language to her, and said he would rather have found her in a house of ill fame: and that when her husband came home he would set him against her. This wounded her feelings deeply; but after he went out she took up Watts' Psalms and opened at these words:

Though friends and kindred near and dear,
Leave me to want and die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my wants supply.

When I called on her soon after, I found her in an excellent frame of mind, and her dear old mother rejoicing with her. The last evening I

stayed in the place I preached at their house. A number of vile fellows collected, and with much tumult forced in the door; but by the exertions of Capt O'Brien they were dispersed. I stayed there eight days and preached eleven sermons, and then returned home.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT AND REMOVAL TO MAINE, ORDINATION
AND SETTLEMENT.

My troubles with my landlord continued till the next April, when the best that I could do for myself was to take two hundred dollars, settle up my business and quit the premises. So after my debts were paid I had but little left. I then moved my wife and two children to her mother's and prepared for a journey into the new settlements of Maine. But my trials did not end here.

My wife continued utterly opposed to my preaching and completely set against moving to the East. My enemies advised her to leave me. But I told her I would not compel her to go. This relieved her in some measure. Before I started, I met with the church—told them I was going East,—they knew my standing and gift; and I wished them to give me such writings as

they thought proper. They gave me the following writing.

“This will certify that Brother Henry Kendall is a member in good standing in the Baptist church in Meredith, and has a profitable gift to be improved in public, and we recommend him as such to all Christian people.”

This was all I wanted. I started on my journey May 1st 1802. I visited several places on the Kennebec and stopped a few days at Mount Vernon, where I tried to preach several times: apparently to the great joy of the brethren. Here I became acquainted with Elder Gordon, the first Baptist minister I saw in Maine. From thence I went eastward to Palermo. Here I found a small Baptist church destitute of preaching. I spent a Sabbath with them, and then went to North Palermo and preached in a barn. In this vicinity I found a number of brethren and sisters who moved from Meredith the year previous, with whom I had taken sweet counsel in the church. We had a joyful meeting on the Sabbath. The people collected from every direction out of the woods, and I felt that here was where the Lord would have me to be. The people were hungry for the Word of Life. In this meeting, he that was afterwards that ex-

cellent deacon, J. Arnold, received his first impressions. From thence I went to Belfast, where I fell in company with Elder Isaac Case and saw him baptize two persons. I then went back to a new settlement, now called Belmont, and after preaching several times, was taken sick. I began to feel lonely, being in a land of strangers. My thoughts flew back to the wife of my youth who had ever been my idol, and to my children who lay near my heart. I longed to see and be with them.

After my recovery, I returned to Mount Vernon where I was taken violently ill, so that my life was despaired of. I thought myself that I must die; but I had some comfort in contemplating the perfections of God. But soon it pleased God to try my soul again in the fiery furnace. My mind fell into a state of despair, so that I doubted my interest in Christ and my call to preach. I was led to contrast my present situation with the past. One year before, I was in prosperity, enjoying domestic comfort; but now in a land of strangers, on the brink of the grave. I had ruined myself and family as it then appeared, and for three days and nights I had no rest nor comfort of hope. The brethren came in to see me, expressing much sympathy, but were

comforted believing me near Heaven. O! how it distressed me to think of their disappointment; for I was sunk in deep waters where there was no standing. On the fourth day I took up Watt's Psalms, and providentially opened to the one hundred and forty-third Psalm. It seemed to express my whole case, and was made a peculiar blessing to my soul. Darkness fled away and this text came to my mind with great power, "I shall not die, but live and see the glory of God." I was enabled to believe with all my heart, and told my friends who came in to see me, that I should certainly recover. But my recovery was very slow. When I got able to ride, and was about to leave the place, a wicked and profane man came in and gave me a dollar to help me on my journey. I thought of the manna that was sent to feed the Prophet; and received it from the hand of God.

I then went to Hallowell attended a lecture at Bro. Tucker's. Here the people contributed about four dollars for the supply of my wants. From thence I went to Litchfield,—found a destitute church—was kindly received by the brethren. I tarried there several weeks and enjoyed a refreshing season. While there I attended the Bowdoinham Association, and became acquaint-

ed with most of the Baptist ministers in the district of Maine.

During this time I suffered much from ill health, and one day while lying on a bed, feeling much depressed in spirit, I all at once had a view of the Jordan of death and myself on the brink. I thought I could see across and imagined I could hear the inhabitants of Heaven sing, and for awhile I longed to be with them. This refreshing lasted for some time.

After this, through much suffering I returned home to my family, having been absent four months. I had received thirty dollars by contribution,—had consulted many physicians in regard to my health, but they gave me little encouragement that I should ever regain it. But I was yet to be tried still further. I had been at home but three weeks when the last hundred dollars of my hard earnings were taken from me by two villains who fled to Canada. When I found it was gone, my heart sunk within me, and it pleased the Lord to let me sink in deep mire where there was no standing. Every thing in the providence of God seemed to speak too loudly to be misunderstood, telling me that I had been deceived from the beginning, and had

ruined myself and family; and my enemies triumphed over me.

From these fiery trials I had no power to flee; of course I sunk under them. My prospects were gloomy;—my family destitute of almost every comfort. A long winter was coming on, and I was unable to work. I then said with unutterable anguish, “All these things are against me.” I had no friend to whom I could unbosom my sorrows. I had to bear them alone. I recollect that while in this distressed condition, one Sabbath day I was brought to know what Jeremiah and Job felt when they cursed the day wherein they were born. I would have been glad to have exchanged conditions with almost any one of the animal creation, had it been in my power. In this way I continued through the day; and as I stood in my window and watched the going down of the sun and the darkness following, it appeared to me that I was sinking from the presence of the Lord. The last gleam of hope faded away. I never expected to see another morning; for I thought the pains of hell had taken fast hold upon me. In this distressing hour, the words of the Psalmist came to my help,—“Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me: hope

thou in God, for I shall yet praise him." These words, though they did not bring much comfort to my mind, held me up from sinking. The next morning I arose early,—took my cane (for I was very weak) and walked about forty rods into a field and sat down to meditate on my forlorn condition. I cast my eyes upon the western mountains just as the sun's gilded rays shone upon their tops, and then I had a view of the Sun of Righteousness. He seemed to rise upon my soul with such healing in his beams; I felt such heavenly joy, that I rejoiced with all the power of soul and body. I saw that the Lord had done all things well. He showed me that I was nothing and less than nothing, and I blessed his name for it. I thought of those men who had taken my property, and I would not have hurt a hair of their heads. I pitied them in my heart. I then knew what it was to trust in God to take care of my family, and felt willing to go on if my life was spared to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ while life should last.

This happy frame lasted some time. Not long after this, the good Lord directed a skilful doctor to pass through the town, who called on me and gave me medicine which was so blessed that I soon began to work and earn a little for my

family; and also to preach some. So the Lord graciously provided for us that we did not suffer.

The next Spring, after doing a little planting, I started again for Kennebec and went to Litchfield, where I met a hearty welcome. Here I tarried six weeks and then went home. I visited them again in September, and after spending some time with them, received an invitation to move my family thence and preach to them. I accepted the invitation, and by this time the Lord had made my wife willing to go with me. Accordingly, I moved the following winter, Feb. 5th, 1804. I found myself pleasantly situated here, but among a very poor people; and after the first six months they wanted to let me travel one half of the time and preach to destitute churches. When fall came on I was obliged to move out of the house I had occupied, but I knew not what to do. After much trial of faith and prayer, I ran in debt for twenty three acres of "possession land,"—commenced building me a house, and moved into it in December without a pane of glass, or a planed board inside of it.

One day these words of Scripture came with great force to my mind,—“Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the Gospel.” The impression was such that I got upon my

horse and travelled as far as Sidney. From there I went to Mount Vernon and spent the Sabbath. I then went to Fayette. In each of these places I saw some appearance of divine quickening. About this time the brethren in Mount Vernon requested me to be ordained, and to be at all the expense, if I would consent. This brought me into a great trial, for I had suffered extremely in view of being ordained, called to baptize, &c. Being small in stature, I had already, in my imagination, drowned many persons, while trying to baptize them. I was so tried that I often prayed that the Lord would not let any church call me to it. But now it looked like the voice of God, and I dared not go back; but in order to accomplish it I must go to Meredith and get my dismissal from that church. I did so, and returned the first of April.

The next morning while I was dressing, a poor brother in want came to my door; he was putting up a log house, and was to have some hands to help him. He wanted me to lend him some money to buy some pork for dinner. I told him I could not, and he turned away sorrowful. I went to my meat barrel and found a few pieces of meat,—took a part of it and followed him. He received it with great gratitude.

At breakfast my wife gave me an account of our family — asked me if I had brought home any money to buy provisions for us. I told her I had but very little. “ Well,” said she, “ our meat and meal, and about every other article are nearly gone, and what shall we do?” I reminded her that the Lord had provided for us when we were in great straits, and I doubted not he would now. I told her she must pray for what she wanted, but this did not satisfy her; she wept bitterly. After I had read and committed our wants to God, I went again to my work. While at dinner, a Deacon M——, from the lower part of the town (not of our church) called and asked how we made out for a living. I told him we had enough for the present meal, and I knew not that we should want any more. “ Well,” said he, “ I did not expect you would complain, so I will do my errand. Last fall, when I butchered my pork, there was a certain piece which I thought belonged to you. The amount of it is in the barrel, and we dare not eat it.” At this moment I looked my wife in the face; the tears were running freely. I told her never again to distrust the goodness of God. Soon after, I went to visit the Deacon, and he gave me a cheese and much more pork than I

had given the poor man. Thus God for many years tried my faith and patience; and then supplied my wants in mysterious ways.

Baptist ministers were then few in this region; and the people were hungering for the bread of life. Of course I was sent for in every direction — especially to attend funerals and lectures — at all distances up to thirty miles and under. At this time I visited the town of Wales where there was a small church. One Sabbath there were so many people collected that we were obliged to leave the school house and repair to the grove at a short distance. I found a beautiful rock for a pulpit, from which I tried to tell them about Christ the living Rock. The season was so precious that it was remembered by many for years. In these days I was wont to devote one-half of my time to travelling and preaching lectures to the poor and destitute; and the Lord gave the word success.

The time set for my ordination had now arrived; and the Council met at Mount Vernon. I had sore trials for a long time on the subject, in view of the solemn responsibilities of the office, and my great lack of qualifications for the work. I also thought it very improbable that such a wise Council as were coming together

would ordain me. And my prayer was that if it was not the will of God, that they might not. But the Council were unanimous, and I received ordination June 5th, 1805. The next Sabbath I had the privilege of baptizing a dear brother by the name of Buffe. Here I felt a witness of the blessed Lord.

In July following, I went to visit a new settlement, east of the Kennebec, and spent two Sabbath; and it pleased the Lord to bless the word. A precious revival ensued, and on the second Sabbath they took a contribution for me, which amounted to one shilling per day during my absence from home; but believing that they had done what they could, I was well satisfied. Although it was hard parting with anxious souls, yet duty to my family called me home. After commending them to God and the word of his grace we parted, but with many tears.

On leaving this settlement, I passed an opening in the woods, where there was a little log house, covered with bark. I had just passed it when I heard a voice. On looking around I saw a poor old woman coming towards me. She was an object of sympathy and pity, with tears running down her furrowed cheeks. She caught me by the hand and said: I am a poor old sin-

ner: I fear the day of grace is over with me. After conversing some time with her, she opened her hand and presented me with one cent, saying, this is all the money I have got on earth; if it were a thousand times as much, I would give it freely; pray for me, a poor sinner. I confess, I knew not what to do. I knew if I refused it, I should grieve her, and if I took it, she would be but little poorer. I therefore took it and departed with feelings not easily forgotten.

After passing another settlement I entered a four miles woods. As I was alone, it came into my mind that this was a good time to review my past experience, to see if I had not been deceived. Accordingly I let my horse walk and commenced the work, beginning at my childhood.

I came to the next settlement — I seemed to be asked the question. Are you a Christian? I answered, No; for Satan looked as much like a Christian as I did. I then concluded I had been deceived altogether; that I had deceived all that ever knew me, and if so, I was past all hope. I reflected bitterly on myself, and others, that they had not been more faithful to me. The distress that rolled upon my mind was great. I wept bitterly.

When I met people I could not look up. I was glad to find another piece of woods, where I could give vent to my grief. I thought I would say no more about religion; nor again try to preach until I could know, beyond doubt,—that God had called me to the work. I thought over the promises that had often come to my help, and it appeared to me that Satan had applied them and I had been deceived by him. I thought I could be willing to wander in the woods for years if I could then know certainly that God had called me to preach. In this distress, the words of Christ to Peter came into my mind — “What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.” I regretted it, fearing that Satan applied it. I passed on a little farther and these words came to me — “I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.” But I durst not receive it.

I arrived at Jacob Stevens’, on Cross’ Hill, when the sun was about an hour high, at night. I went in, and sister Stevens said she was glad to see me; and that we would have a meeting that night. I told her I did not expect I should ever preach again. Said she,—“I will risk that.” She then called her little girl and sent

her to her father's, where the people were raising a barn, to notify them of a lecture.

I then began to feel sad ; for I knew not what to do. I threw myself on a bed, for I felt sick. I thought I knew nothing about the right meaning of the Bible : therefore I did not look for a text. When, however, the time came to commence a sermon, I opened the Bible and read the first verse that met my eyes. I had not been speaking ten minutes, before I forgot all my troubles ; and at the close, as I was seated, they began to speak, and continued half an hour.

While they were exhorting and rejoicing, it was again whispered to my mind — What an outrageous being you are. On your way the Lord showed you what you were ; but now see how you have deceived this people. The day of grace is over with you forever. Under these impressions my mind was so depressed, that I was glad when the assembly had retired. I had but little rest that night ; but the next morning, when I awoke, my trouble had gone. I found myself possessed of my former hope, and was led to wonder at the mercy of God, in holding me up under such fiery trials.

After breakfast I started for home, and rode to the north part of Augusta. There I called to

see an old pilgrim, whom I found weeping over her poverty. It came to my mind that a part of the ten shillings I had received belonged to her; so I gave her a portion of it. But I was immediately charged with being worse than an infidel; because I had not kept it for the support of my family. On leaving her, I went about half a mile, and called to see an old Congregationalist brother and told him about the revival at Palermo. When I left him he gave me the very sum I had given to the old lady. I then rode to Gardiner, and there met a very poor man who said that he must be sued for fifty cents, and he knew not where to get it. I gave it to him without conferring with flesh about it. I passed him about a mile, and called on a brother W——s, who followed me to the door, and gave me fifty cents. So I went home with all my money; and found it more blessed to give than to receive.

In September following, the Bowdoinham Association met at Readfield. The first sermon was preached by Elder Robert Low. The Lord spoke through him; and a precious revival followed. Here I became acquainted with brethren Pillsbury and W. Allen. They had not been ordained; but their hearts were warm in the

work. At this meeting the Maine Baptist Missionary Society was first formed.

After the meeting closed, brother Pillsbury and myself tarried in the place some time, and witnessed a powerful revival. After this, I went to the north part of Bowdoin, and preached in several neighborhoods. It pleased the Lord to bless the word, and a powerful revival followed, in which I baptized a lovely flock of disciples. This revival gave rise to the Second Church in Bowdoin, which was organized in December 1805.

About this time I visited Sidney, and it pleased the Lord to accompany the work with power. A precious revival followed, and the Second Church in Sidney was organized in 1806, as the result of the work. This church rejoiced in an uninterrupted prosperity for the space of seven years.

I recollect the Sabbath night after I baptized the first six in Sidney, among whom was he who was afterwards Deacon Haywood, and also his wife. I tarried all night at brother Dyer's. About daylight I awoke from the following dream:—I supposed that I was in that vicinity, and that I called into a house and prayed. I knelt down near the door, which was open, and

while I was praying, I heard an outcry among the fowls at the door. When I closed, I looked out and there was a beautiful flock of young ducks hovering round the door; but on the other side of the street, was an over-grown hawk, which flew at the ducks, and they fled into the river. The hawk went in after them and I after him. I pursued him so closely that he hid under some eel-grass. At length, I caught him by the neck and dragged him out. As I walked back, he began to talk, and told a wonderful experience, and then pleaded for his life. But I told him that he was a hawk, and if I let him go he would destroy those ducks; that die he must. I then carried him to the house and killed him. I awoke, and behold it was a dream. I arose early and went into brother Haywood's. I found sister Haywood in great distress; she said a certain woman had been in that morning, who pretended to have had a great revelation from the Lord: that the Christians were all deceived. I told her my dream, and that what disturbed her was the work of Satan; that ended the trouble. The work of the Lord went on and spread into different neighborhoods. Truly we had a refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

I will relate a sore trial which befel me while supplying the church in Sidney. Their first communion was on the first Sabbath in July, and their conference the day preceding. I had been from them two weeks, and my mind had fallen into a gloomy state. When I started, and while on my way there, my soul was like a wilderness where beasts of prey howl at midnight. When I got there, the conference had commenced. Six young people related their experience ; and most of them dated their awakening from my preaching, which only increased my misery ; for I thought we were all deceived souls. They wished to be baptized the next day, but my heart rose against it, although I kept my feelings hid till the meeting closed, when a brother came and said to me,—“ What is the matter with you, Brother Kendall.” I told him if he knew, he would never ask me to pray again.

I then went home with brother Dyer to spend the night. In the evening brother Haywood and wife came in to hear me sing. I told them I could not sing. They pressed me to disclose my trouble ; for they feared something had been said or done to wound my feelings. I told them that nothing on their part had hurt my feelings ; but if they did not let me alone, I should tell

them ; and if I did, that would hurt their feelings worse than anything had ever done. But they would not be denied the truth.

I told them that I doubted whether I ever had a spark of grace, any more than the Devil. Brother Haywood paused awhile. " Ah," said he, " I understand it. The Lord is preparing you to preach to-morrow." I thought if that was the way he prepared ministers, I wished to be dismissed. But he would not leave until he heard me pray. Well, thought I, I may as well go to hell praying as any way. So I tried to pray, but found no relief. At a late hour I retired to rest ; but had little sleep.

As soon as it was light, I looked out and saw some cows feeding near my window, and Oh ! how I envied them. I went away into the field and tried to pray ; but got no relief. When I got back to the house, something spake to me almost audibly ; saying — now you are expected to preach to-day,— to baptize and break bread to the church :—but you are a deceived soul and a hypocrite, and if you attempt the work, God will strike you dead. This brought me to a stand. I was strongly tempted to flee into the woods ; but I thought of the consequences, and dared not go. At length I came to the conclu-

sion that if the Lord spared my life, I would go through the duties of the day, if I went to hell at night. When I started for meeting, I fell in with a Christian who looked at me and smiled. Oh, how that smile pierced my heart; but on I went with these words cutting my soul —“ You will be in hell before night.”

The meeting was in a barn, and when I read, “ In anger, Lord, rebuke me not,” I trembled in every limb. I went through with the morning services in this dreadful storm. When I went to the river to baptize, now, said the tempter, you will never come out alive. But while I was baptizing the first one, the cloud broke and disappeared, and for eight-and-forty hours the Sun of Righteousness shone on my soul with Glory unspeakable. I was then led to look and see the artifices of Satan. I felt my heart flow out in gratitude to God, that he had helped me maintain the battle until he gave me the victory.

There was a man living in the north part of Augusta, whose name was Andrews, who was not pious, but his wife had been a Christian for many years, and his heart was bound up in her. She had been received at Sidney as a candidate for baptism. He went with her to the meeting that had been appointed, to attend to the ordi-

nance of baptism : and in my sermon I spoke of the separation that the work of grace made in this world between parents and children, and husbands and wives, and the awful separation that must take place at the day of Judgment. This went home like a dagger to the man's heart. He felt that the separation had now begun, and feared it would be final. He wept bitterly ; and when he went to the water, he came to me, and begged that I would not go far into the water ; for if his wife was drowned he should be undone forever. After the baptism, he returned home in great distress, and remained so about two weeks, when he came to the conclusion that the day of grace was past with him. One day he made preparations in his barn to hang himself, and that evening after his family had retired to rest, he went to bed, in order to deceive his wife, and feigned himself asleep. But she understood his case, and watched every motion. As soon as he supposed she was asleep, he left the bed and went to the barn. She overtook him, and throwing her arms around him, held him fast. He begged her to let him go, but she would not, and after a while, they both returned to the house, and it was not long before

he felt his heart running over with love to God. He had such a view of the Saviour that his

—“tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.”

The family was then called up and the rest of the night was spent in praising God. Afterwards I baptized him, and they walked together, while they lived, as heirs of the Grace of God. In a few years they were dismissed from this world, and I preached their Funeral Sermons. “The memory of the just is blessed.”

About this time my mind was impressed with the idea that the Lord had a work for me to do in Hallowell Village; but there seemed to be no opening, as there was no Baptist in the place and only one denomination of Christians, which was Congregationalist, under the care of Mr. Gillett. I formed an acquaintance with their Deacon, Mr. Gow, by whose invitation I had the privilege of preaching a few lectures in their school house. But in January 1807, it was shut against me. As soon as that took place, a private house was opened for lectures which I attended once in two weeks stately, and in March, I saw indications of a revival. A Mrs. Knights was brought to rejoice in Christ and

wished to be baptized. Accordingly, the fifth of April was set apart to attend to it.

We met according to appointment, and after a sermon, the candidate arose before a large assembly and told what God had done for her soul. This was a new thing and it had a solemn effect on many persons. We then made ready and repaired to the water. It was a cold blustering day, and many supposed the candidate to be crazy and tried to persuade her not to go; but all was in vain. The boys prepared for a frolic, but when I arrived at the water, I told them what we were there for, and that they must be still, and they obeyed me. But when the people saw the candidate buried with Christ without a struggle, it had such an effect that many left the water with weeping eyes. That evening we had another solemn and interesting meeting.

The next day I went to Sidney and spent the Sabbath. While I was gone, Mrs. Thomas Hinkley experienced religion, and she was so anxious to be baptized that she appointed a meeting on Monday, and sent a messenger after me desiring me to attend. Accordingly, I returned and found that the Lord was at work powerfully in that place. The husband of the

candidate told me that two weeks before, he would have helped build a gallows to have hung me on: but now he said "you are welcome to my house." Soon after this the young christians met one evening for prayer in a house that stood on the bank of a river. After they were assembled, a company of vile fellows collected and prepared to tip the house into the river. I was not present, but there was an old sister Ring, from Litchfield, in the meeting, who went out and preached to them till they all dispersed. From this time the revival went on through the season. From the fruits of this revival the First Baptist Church in Hallowell was organized in 1807. The sermon was preached by Elder James Potter.

CHAPTER IV.

LABORS IN BLOOMFIELD, MERCER, ON THE PISCATA-
QUIS RIVER—REVIVAL AT LITCHFIELD.

About this time I visited New Sharon and Mercer, where there was a small church, and baptized a number at different times. Having been requested to visit Bloomfield on the Kennebec River, I travelled that way to go to Sandy River. I stopped at Dea. Thomas Steward's on Friday evening, and preached a lecture.

In this place there were two small churches; one a Baptist, the other a Congregationalist,—but no preaching in town. Here true piety was but dimly manifested, while religious errors were very prevalent. The Deacon requested me to return that way the next Monday and preach in their meeting house in the afternoon, although it was owned by both denominations. On my return, and when two or three miles from the place, I noticed that people stared at me with

uncommon curiosity. When I got to the meeting house the people were collected and waiting.

The Deacon met me at the door looking very sadly and said,—“I hope the Lord will stand by you today, for the Devil is let loose among us. I asked no questions, but walked into the meeting house. I felt a heavy load roll upon me, but going up the pulpit stairs it left me, and if ever I felt the Lord to be on my right hand and on my left, it was then. After I closed my sermon, the Deacon arose and said he believed there would be a reformation, for he never heard the Devil’s dogs bark as they did then. But the work had already begun. I appointed a lecture that evening and the next morning. The Deacon on his return home told me that as soon as he gave public notice of the lecture, there was one Capt.—— who said he knew me, and that I was a thief and a liar; and he could prove it. The news went as fast as the notice of my meeting and many believed it.

The Deacon thought I had better take the report up in public and clear myself of the charge; but I told him I thought it best to let Satan cook his own meat and eat it; that I was about my Master’s business; and that if any person named it to him to send them to me. That evening

the people collected and filled the house in order to see the thief; and that evening the Lord gave me a search warrant for them and several were taken, and came forward and confessed their sins before the close of the meeting. Among them was the excellent Elder Jonathan Steward. But before the concluding prayer, a certain man arose and said he wished the people to know that he knew the Bible too well to believe any thing that I had preached that evening. But I noticed that while he was speaking the people appeared very uneasy, and as soon as he had done, I prayed and dismissed the meeting, and appointed another the next day. While going from meeting that evening, I thought I knew what our Saviour meant when he said, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, &c." The very air I breathed was perfect peace.

The next day I preached a lecture, and a conference followed, in which there came forward six persons and told what God had done for their souls in years past. We then repaired to the water and I baptized a part of them, and preached again in the evening. The next day I returned home. But my mind was so deeply fixed upon that place that I returned again in three weeks, arriving on Saturday night.

Sabbath morning it rained like a shower, but notwithstanding that, the people assembled and crowded a large school-house. After the meeting began, a man came in that I had never seen before, and pressed through the crowd till he got near to me; and stood and looked me in the face. In a few minutes the tears began to roll down his cheeks. When the sermon had closed and several had spoken, I called upon him to pray and he readily complied and prayed sweetly. His name was Saul Steward, a member of the Congregationalist church. He had been retailing the above named vile report about me, but had become convinced of his wrong, and the next day in a public meeting, he made a most solemn confession to me and the Baptist church. This put an end to the Captain's stories. I continued to visit them for a number of months; and when the church was well waked up, then the reformation broke out among the youth. The work went on gloriously until I had baptized a lovely flock who were added to the church.

I will here relate a circumstance which occurred while the reformation was going on in Bloomfield. There were a number of cases of deep and protracted distress. Among them was the wife of Benjamin Shepherd. Her distress

was deep and long. At this time I had an appointment of three weeks mission in the vicinity of the Piscataquis River. One morning I started to go, designing to return as soon as possible. I left Mrs. Shepherd on the brink of despair. I travelled on till past the middle of the day; but with such forebodings of mind, that at length I halted; and after some deliberations, I turned about and commenced to return. Again I halted, and charged myself with enthusiasm. I again turned and set my face to go on my journey; but such distress rolled in upon me that I could not proceed. I managed three times in this way, till I found I must go back. When I got to Mr. Shepherd's, -about dark, I met them going to prayer meeting. They went back with me a few moments, and I inquired the state of her mind. She said there was no hope for her; she was left to hardness of heart. I then repeated to her the following lines.

I mourn because I cannot mourn;
I grieve because I cannot grieve;
I think I would for sin lament;
But fear I am deceived.

These lines applied to her case, and prevented her from sinking. Soon after this, she went

with us to the meeting, and while there she had such a view of a bleeding Saviour that she "broke out in unknown strains and sang surprising Grace."

After meeting, we returned home and spent the rest of the evening in prayer and praise. At length we thought it duty to retire; but on looking out of the window we found it was daylight. I had never spent such a night before. I then understood the reason why I could not pursue my journey. Thus the work of the Lord went on; and near the close of the reformation, the church and society gave me a unanimous call to settle with them. When however the time came for me to give them an answer, I became satisfied that it was not my duty. But I continued to labor with them till the reformation closed.

About this time I started again to go on my mission to the Piscataquis river. On my way, I called into a log house to get some thing for my horse to eat. Here I found an interesting woman with three little children. Her husband was gone away from home to work. I asked her several questions which she answered; and informed me that her nearest neighbor was three miles one way and five on the other way, and twelve another way. I asked her what she had

to comfort her in this lonely situation. She appeared to dislike my question, and gave new speed to her wheel, but I endeavored to impress her mind with her need of Christ. At length she left her work, and sat down and burst into a flood of tears. I then tried to pray with her and left her. I then entered the twelve mile woods, for five miles of which there was no road. I was therefore obliged to travel by spotted trees. My horse got hung by the roots in a cedar swamp. but I got him out without any injury. I arrived at the settlement, called Amestown, on the Piscataquis River, about nine in the evening. Here I found a revival of religion, and tarried with them several days. I tried to preach with them two or three times a day, and the word was evidently blessed, and the revival spread. When I parted with them it was with many tears. I then returned through the twelve mile woods. About eleven, A. M., I arrived at the house where I left the weeping woman. Her husband (whose name was Hale) had got home. She professed to be a Universalist; but I found her in great distress. After dinner, I tried to pray with them; and after commending them to the grace of God, I bade them farewell. She continued about a month in this distressed condition, when

the Lord appeared in the forgiveness of her sins. Soon after this, (one Sabbath morning,) her husband yoked his oxen to haul some hay out of the meadow; but while he was making ready, the Lord pricked him in the heart so that he unyoked his oxen and went in and told his wife that he was undone forever. He continued in distress about a month, when the Lord set his soul at liberty. But more of this family hereafter.

On this mission I called at a settlement called No. 4; and found two pious women living a mile apart, and a cedar swamp between them. In the center of this swamp they held a weekly prayer meeting. They appeared to enjoy much of the presence of God. I then went on through the new country till I came to the upper settlements on the Kennebec River. Here I found a destitute people hungering for the Word of Life. I preached to them on the Sabbath, and they listened with deep interest. I then followed down the river, preaching in every place where the people could be collected to hear, until I arrived at Bloomfield. On this visit I travelled about two hundred miles, through mud, and rocks, and roots, and almost without bridges. I was gone three weeks and preached thirty-three sermons,

and attended some prayer meetings. I found people who had not heard a sermon for seven years.

About two years after, I visited the Piscataquis country again on the last of February. The snow was about four feet deep. I arrived at Mr. Hale's about dark. We were so glad to see each other that we did not know how to begin to talk; but after awhile we commenced conference, in which they related their christian experience. I found them sound in faith and well engaged. The next day they got a few neighbors together and I tried to preach to them. After sermon, Mr. Hale and wife requested baptism. Accordingly, I appointed a day on my return to attend to it. I then went on to the Piscataquis river and enjoyed a precious season. On my return I found a meeting appointed two miles from Mr. Hale's, in a neighborhood where there was much water. Thither we went. The meeting was held in a log house. The weather was cold; but after meeting we repaired to the water, in which I baptized the candidates. After baptism, and while standing in the water, I noticed a woman on the bank who appeared as if she wished to speak. I gave liberty and she began, by saying that be-

fore she moved into that wilderness the Lord made her willing by giving her a promise that she should see this wilderness blossom as a rose, and that day God had fulfilled his promise. She spake with such power that almost every eye was filled with tears. She then requested me to preach at her house that evening. I accordingly went, but how was I astonished when I came to see how a daughter of Abraham was destined to dwell. She lived in a hut as open as a barn without battens or floors : and a rock chimney, built up with sticks and clay. She had, as I was told, a dissipated husband, and three or four little children ; but she was as happy a person as I ever saw. Her husband had built a large fire in his rock chimney ; and when their few neighbors had collected, I tried to preach to them. After meeting, and when the people were gone, she gave me a history of the trying scenes of her past life, part of which was as follows :

The year after they moved into the woods they were very poor and got to a state of starvation. They had corn growing on burnt land, which had just begun to ear : and the bears had begun to break it down. One day she went out into the corn to find a place where she could

pour out her desires in prayer for her starving children. She obtained an answer on the spot that she should have help, and in what manner it was to come. She went into the house and told her husband to load his gun for a bear, and he would certainly kill one. He so far believed her that he did as she told him. She then went with him and showed him where to hide and where the bear would come in and pass before him. She then left him; and about dark the moon just shone above the tops of the trees. The bear came in and stopped directly before him. He fired and the bear jumped up in the air (as he thought) ten or fifteen feet. He dropped his gun and ran into the house. He blew the horn and three men came to assist him. They then went out and found the bear dead; and as large as four men could drag to the house. Thus the Lord prepared them food in answer to prayer. All this and much more, her husband who then appeared to be under deep conviction, testified was true. After midnight we retired. I could put my fingers out through the cracks in every direction.

Soon I discovered the house to be on fire on on the top. The man got up and put it out. The next morning after commending them to

the grace of God, with my heart filled with wonder and joy to see what grace could do, I bade them farewell. Not long after, I learned that the man had obtained a hope in Christ, and thirty-six years after that, (on one of my missionary tours) I had the privilege of visiting Brother Maloon and wife, and Brother Hale and wife, and found them enjoying a good hope through grace, and in comfortable circumstances.

But to return to my narrative.

In the winter of 1810, the church in Litchfield where I lived had become exceedingly low. I had been absent nearly half the time for six years. But in that time we had been blessed with a number of small revivals and additions to the church. But at this time, iniquity abounded, and a great flock of youth had grown up in sin. The spirit of prayer had disappeared in the church. In view of these things, my mind became deeply distressed for the church and for the youth; so that for some weeks I had but little rest. At length I was led to fear that God was coming out against us in judgment, and that he was requiring the souls of that people at my hand. My distress became almost insupportable. I visited, talked, preached, and prayed;

but could see no good effect; and in my anguish I thought I would leave the place. Having heard of a revival in Farmington, I set out to visit that place. I stopped at Monmouth and witnessed the death of Brother S. King who died a most triumphant death. I preached his funeral sermon and then went on to Fayette. I took Elder Billings with me and then went to Farmington. There the Lord was carrying on a precious work. But I had no rest. My soul was pressed like a cart under sheaves for the inhabitants of Litchfield. I left Bro. Billings and returned home. But when I got near home a horror of great darkness fell upon my mind so that I took no particular notice of anything till I found myself at my own door. I went in and found my wife had gone to Bro. Watson's. I went after her, and found at Bro. Watson's several sisters of the church met together for a visit, who were very lively but not in religion. The sight augmented my anguish so that I left the room. I was soon called to supper; and when at the table I could not refrain from weeping. I again retired, and my friends were somewhat astonished to see me in such a state.

The next day was our conference meeting; and I tried to unbosom my feelings to the church.

My brethren stared at me as though they thought me insane. But soon after that, the blessed Lord gave an incontestible evidence that he was coming in mercy. I began to prophesy over the dry bones, and they soon began to shake. The church began to wake up; and the dear youth to inquire what they should do to be saved. The work went on till it formed a strong current, which bore down all opposition, so that in seven months I baptized one hundred and thirty-two.

I would notice that at the commencement of the revival, Elder Wm. Stinson was pastor of the First church in Litchfield, where he had labored a number of years. The church had become divided, and had shut up their meeting-house against their minister. At this time I felt deeply impressed to go down and preach to them from a certain text. I accordingly sent word to one of their Deacons that I would be there at such a time; and if they did not open their meeting-house, I would preach on the doorstep. At the time appointed I went and found the house open, and quite an assembly collected.

Directly, Elder Stinson came and stood in the door as if he was afraid to come in. I called him to come into the pulpit. He came and

while they were singing, he wanted to see my text. I showed it to him; it was this—"He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him as a Shepherd does his flock." The good old saint believed it was direct from the Lord; and the tears rolled down his cheeks like rain. I then tried to preach as the Lord gave me utterance; and a reformation commenced at the time; so that Bro. Stinson baptized and added to the church about forty. The church became more united, and got along much better for a while.

The subjects of the work in Litchfield were from eight years old to four score; but the larger class were in the bloom of youth. Through all this revival their distress was deep; and their joy was solemn. No loud crying, nor anxious seats; no calling for people to rise to be prayed for:—but God wrought like himself. I would name one circumstance that occurred in this revival.

There were several of the converts who, at the time of their baptism, appeared to be overshadowed in an extraordinary manner with the glory of God; and in less than a year the most of them were called home to Heaven. In the year 1811, I visited a new settlement called

Malta Neck where I witnessed a precious revival and baptized a number of converts. I also visited a settlement called Hunt's Meadows, where I witnessed many precious seasons.

CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO BOSTON AS REPRESENTATIVE.—JOURNEY TO WARREN, R. I., AND SALEM. DEATH OF MY SISTER—MY LABORS IN SHARON.

In the spring of 1812, the town of Litchfield made choice of me for one of their Representatives to the Legislature in Boston. When I was informed of their intention, it brought upon me a new trial. I therefore made it a subject of prayer, and became satisfied that it was my duty to go ; but by no means neglect to preach Christ to my fellow-men. Accordingly, I arrived at Boston the last of May, where I never before had been.

The second evening after my arrival, I was requested to preach in old Dr. Stillman's church. I told the minister, who was a very large man, that if he would run the risk of having his own feelings hurt, and of displeasing his people, I would try.

When I went into the pulpit, I found myself seated among the great and noble. The fear of man almost overpowered me ; but the blessed Lord came to my help and stood by me. This meeting introduced me to many precious Christians, so that the whole time I tarried in Boston, which was three weeks, I was called upon to attend meetings almost every night. When the Court adjourned to meet again in October, I returned home.

The year before, the Bowdoinham Association appointed me a Messenger to the Warren Association, R. I., and the Boston Association at Salem, Mass., in September 1812. When the time came for me to go, I went to North Yarmouth, and put up at Elder Boardman's. He inquired how far I was going. I told him. He said he went there to an Association, and the ministers were so much above him that he did not enjoy himself. In view of that, I was strongly tempted to return home ; but in the morning, I ventured onward. I concluded I would go and report myself, and then leave without attempting to preach in that region. I went to Newburyport, and my brother-in-law put my horse into his chaise and went with me. I stopped at Beverly and preached on the Sabbath. In the

evening we went to Boston. Next day, in company with Dr. Baldwin, we started for Warren. Before we got to Pawtucket, the Dr. directed us to go through Rehoboth and put up at Dea——; but he went through Providence. The next morning we went down to Warren. I was an entire stranger in that region. My brother drove up to Elder Baker's door. He was standing near, but I did not know him. He inquired if Elder Kendall was in the chaise. He told me to come in, for the first bell had rung, and I must preach the first sermon. I went in, but he kept out of my way. After a while, I spoke to him, and said, "Sir, you are not in earnest in your statement." "You will find I am," said he. "The house will be full. The bell will soon ring again." He then asked me if I should like to go in to his study. I told him no, I wanted nothing of his study; and again he left me. At this time, I was completely confused. I knew not what to do, for I had not a text nor a subject on my mind for the day. Yet I dared not say I would not, but I concluded if he led me into the pulpit, and the Lord gave me a subject, I would try to preach; if not, when the time came to read the text, I would tell the people how I was introduced into the desk, and if they wanted a

preacher they must find one. The bell soon rang. Brother B. said he would conduct me into the pulpit. No one can describe my feelings after we entered the house. I found myself in a great congregation ; and when the bell had done ringing, I read a hymn. I then tried to pray, and read another hymn, but found no text, till they were singing the last time. My eyes then fell upon these words,—“ And hath raised us up together and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.” I then tried to preach. I soon found that the Lord was there of a truth. The sermon was followed by warm exhortations, and a precious revival commenced. I also found that instead of the ministers in that section being exceedingly proud, the monster was in my own heart, as I have often found.

At Warren I enjoyed a season long to be remembered. I then returned to Salem, and attended the Boston Association. After this, I visited and preached at Newburyport, and old Haverhill, and returned to Charlestown (two weeks before the sitting of the Legislature in Boston) where the Lord blessed us with a precious revival. There was also a revival at Boston, while the Court was in session ; I was in a reformation almost all of the time. My sister,

who then lived in Newburyport, was a very pious woman; but she was fast sinking in a decline. She was at that time a little revived, and wrote me the following short letter.

NEWBURYPORT, Jan. 10, 1813.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:—I take this opportunity to inform you, that through the blessing of God, I have recovered my health in some measure. I have been very sick,—have only rode out as far as Mr. Peak's since I saw you; but blessed be God, I am spared a little longer. My babe is very sick with the consumption. Thus, while the Lord is pressing me down with one hand, he upholds me with the other; that I may lie at the feet of Jesus. The rest of the family are all well. We hope you all enjoy the same blessing. Our dear sister Garrison lies very low. Religion here is at a low ebb; but we hope not wholly forgotten. Dear brother, come and stay as long as possible. Come in the name and strength of the Lord God of Israel. Your friends long to see you. Do write as soon as you receive this.

From your Affectionate Sister,

MARY DUNYAN.

But soon after this she fell asleep in Jesus. The particulars of her last hours are given by sister Garrison, who attended her in her last sickness.

“Mrs. Mary Dunyan, of Newburyport, who died July 23, 1853, aged 33 years. Feeling

that her dissolution was near at hand, she asked me if I thought it was death. I informed her in the affirmative, and told her with tears of joy and sorrow, that the blood was settled under her nails, and the cold hand of death was upon her. 'O, my dear sister,' replied she, 'pleasing, pleasing news! Blessed be my God that he is about to take the weary pilgrim home. I am going to my Heavenly Father's Kingdom, I shall rejoice with joy inexpressible and full of Glory! I cannot, my dear sister, give up my hope or feel it shaken, for my God, my Redeemer will come and will not tarry. I shall soon enter the gates of the New Jerusalem.' After a severe spell of coughing, she revived again, and said, 'the exit will be hard; but God will grant me the light of his countenance. His rod and staff shall comfort me in the valley of the shadow of death. I do not wish to be more holy than God, but soon I shall see him without sin; all tears shall be wiped from my eyes, and I shall reign with him forever.' I said to her,—'My dear sister, the sting of death is gone.' 'Yes,' said she, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.' I asked her if the immutability of God's love to her appeared beautiful. 'Yes, my dear sister,' said the dying saint, 'I view the pearly gates of

heaven. I see the way. My conducting angel is waiting for death to release the prisoner, and set the captive free. O, blessed Jesus, take the wanderer home. I can see how just and right God's dealings have been through life ; although his providence has been dark at times to me. Yet blessed be his name, for all his goodness to me. What are all my sufferings compared with the sufferings of Christ on Calvary, to redeem my soul ; and blessed be his name, he now gives me an earnest of the heavenly inheritance. Glory, Glory, be to his name ; a few more struggles and sighs, and I shall be at rest.'— Here she closed her dying eyes, and lay some time ; then opened them again, and said :—' I know that my Redeemer liveth. I long to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.' Then closing her eyes again, her happy soul fled to the mansions of glory.'

The following lines were composed by Frances Maria Garrison, on the death of Mary Dunyan.

Rest, humble saint ; no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleeper here ;
May angels watch her soft repose,
Till she with Jesus shall appear.

Rest here, fair saint : thy sleeping dust
 Shall rise on that eternal day ;
 Thy soul unites among the just,
 And all thy tears are wiped away.

Surviving friends, forbear to weep :
 Her soul has took its happy flight :
 Forever cease the briny tear —
 May you in heaven with her unite.

Farewell, dear flesh ; rest here in peace,
 Till that illustrious morn shall rise :
 Surprising scenes ! triumphant rest !—
 Then in your Saviour's image rise.

'Tis past : the conflict's o'er ; the suffering victim's fled ;
 She suffers here no more ; my much loved friend is
 dead.

But, O ! 'tis well with her ; to yonder world above
 She winged her happy way, and met the God she
 loved.

Arrayed in glorious robes, she dwells in endless day.
 Could I but hear her speak ; methinks that she would
 say,

'Weep not my friends for me, but give your sorrows o'er,
 Nor thus, in ceaseless sighs, my early loss deplore.

Oh, can you wish me back to that vain world again ;
 Back to that world of woe, to struggle with my pain ;
 My peace was made with God, my sins were all for-
 given.

I closed my eyes on earth, and opened them in Hea-
 ven!'

In January 1813, I attended General Court about a month. I spent the Sabbaths among the destitute churches near Boston. And almost every evening I attended meetings in Boston and Charlestown; so that I formed an extensive acquaintance with Christians in that vicinity. But when the Legislature adjourned, I returned home, not expecting to visit that place again. But in the spring of 1814, my mind was much impressed with the duty of returning to that region; and that the Lord had something for me to do there. I could not indeed tell what, but my mind was so impressed that I set a day; giving myself two weeks to prepare for the journey. In about a week from that time I received the following letter:

BOSTON, May 13, 1814.

DEAR BROTHER:—You will no doubt be surprised to receive a line from me upon such a subject; but being impelled by duty, I cannot forbear; and hoping that the Lord will direct your steps this way, I hasten to lay before you a few of the many thoughts which have given rise to the request I wish to make, viz:—For you to come and preach a little while, about twenty miles from Boston. I feel unworthy, dear brother, of being made an instrument, in any way, of doing good to the souls of my fellow-men. It is the Lord alone who hath given me these desires; and to his name be all the praise. About

ten years ago, my Uncle died, and left me a small sum of money; but which I could not have until my Aunt died. I was led, I trust, by the Spirit of the Lord, cheerfully to devote one hundred dollars of it to the Lord, whenever I should receive it. And, to the glory of God be it spoken, from that time to this, never for a moment have I wished to take it back. Being exposed to death, I committed it to writing, and left it with care lest it should be taken for some other use. About a year ago, my Aunt died, and I received what my Uncle left. But the Foreign Missionary Society being formed, I was at a loss to know which way to send my money. I was led to pray for direction, but could get no light upon the subject. I then opened my mind to a Christian friend, who advised me to wait, and he believed the Lord would open a door for me, and said if the Lord had given me a heart, he would show me what to do with it; and make duty plain before me. I accordingly did, but still kept pleading that he would show me the way that he would approve. Truly the Lord hath his way in the great deep. Last summer I went to make a visit to Canton, and providentially made a visit in Sharon, where I trust the Lord has begun a good work of grace; and one night my mind so ran upon the people in that place, that I dreamed that there was the place where the Lord wanted my money. The impression was so great that I awoke and felt an uncommon spirit of prayer, and on my knees did I implore direction and felt in my own soul, an answer to what I had been so long waiting upon the Lord for. I could not sleep the rest of the night; but spent it in prayer for that town.

In the morning, fearing I might not be right, I again begged of the Lord to confirm my duty by some text of Scripture. Having no Bible where I was, I could not then look into it. Some time after, I opened the Bible, not thinking of my request, and the first words that met my eyes were the 12th verse of the 58th chapter of Isaiah. The moment I read it I thought of my petition which I made before I left my chamber. I thought then I must hire some minister to come and preach to them, and the Lord led my mind to you. I believe you are the one whom the Lord will bless among them. I have therefore gōt brother Lincoln to write you, hoping the Lord will incline your heart to come, and then to bless your labors abundantly among them.

I subscribe myself,

Your unworthy Sister in Christ,

NANCY LOW.

Upon reading this letter, the reader must think what my sensations were, for I cannot describe them. But on the day appointed, I started for Boston, where I called on Sister Low, who gave me further particulars concerning the place and people. I then went to Sharon, and gave notice of a meeting the next Sabbath, in a private chamber, for they had no other place in which to meet. The Sabbath arrived and I preached to about thirty people. When the meeting was closed, I told them I would preach some lectures in the course of the week, if they wished me to.

But there was no such desire. I therefore made an appointment for the next Sabbath. The ensuing week I had a sore trial; the prospect looked dark. I found in Sharon, five or six professed Baptists, who belonged to a church in Medfield; but they were crushed by opposition. Sharon had been inhabited nearly two centuries; but I could not learn that a reformation had ever been known in the town. They had a settled Unitarian minister, but no other order in the town. I attended an organization of a church in Canton; but I labored under such trials, that I thought that myself and sister Low had both been deceived,—that I would fulfil my appointment the next Sabbath, and then leave the place.

This scene cost me many tears and cries, but when the Sabbath came, a large assembly collected at a brother L. Hewins', and among them a company of the sons of Belial, with a bottle of black-strap. They handed it around, and drank in sermon-time. This was a trying scene. In the afternoon, it pleased the Lord to come into the assembly, and several of the young people were so pricked to the heart, that the groans were heard distinctly all over the room. At this my clouds and darkness disappeared. I felt as if I was where the Lord would have me

to be. This scene gave new impulse to opposition. The enemies of truth could not divine what kind of a being I was. At length they decided that I had stolen a horse down East, and had run away to get rid of punishment. But as the reformation went on, they seemed to gnaw their tongues with pain. Their minister said if he was one of their Select Men, Kendall should go out of town very quick. I was once passing his meeting house, and by the side of the street, there was a company of gentlemen playing nine-pins. They hailed me, and charged me with having stolen a horse, and told me I should be taken care of. I passed a little farther, and met their deacon, and his son. As I passed them, they raised a loud shout. Therefore, as the revival gradually increased, it produced great excitement both for and against me.

The sixth Sabbath that I was with them, I baptized six persons; one of whom was the Captain of a Militia Company. The next morning I calculated to start homeward. That night, after we had all gone to bed except a female, a man knocked at the door, and inquired for Kendall, and handed her a note to give to me, and went his way. She came in trembling, and gave it to me. I took it and read it. It was a

sham warrant to warn me to train the next day. The man was sergeant under the captain whom I had baptized. I could but smile to think what fools Satan makes of his slaves ; and my smiles relieved my trembling friend, who supposed that some evil was determined against me. The next day I started for home, and as soon as it was known that I had gone, it was reported as a fact, that I was carried away by an officer, for stealing my horse ; and many other scandalous stories were circulated about me.

“ Oh,” said they to my friends, “ your minister is shut up in a jail ! You will see him no more.” But I went home, two hundred miles, and got back again in two weeks. I had not been back long before they threatened to ride me out of town on a rail ; and brother Hewins was afraid to let me go from one house to another, without a guard ; but I told him he need not fear, for I did not think the Lord had so great an honor to confer on me. The work went on gradually, until I had baptized a goodly number.

Among others, was a daughter of Captain L. Morse. She was of age, and had been brought up with a sister Clark of Foxboro'. Her father was a bitter opposer. When I started for home

the second time, I went to brother Evans', in Canton, Sabbath evening, and tarried till the next morning, when I started for home again. About two hours after I left, Captain Morse came there in a great rage. He had come ten miles on purpose to horsewhip me, but I was out of his reach.

The following autumn a Baptist church was constituted in Sharon, and I spent the most of the next winter in that region. One day, as I was riding on horseback through Canton, I saw a man driving a team, whom I supposed to be Captain Morse. I concluded if I came within his reach, he would abuse me. I thought there was no armor prepared for the back, therefore—go on. As I passed him, he eyed me very sharply, and sang out, "Halloo. I did not know who you were." I replied, "Do you know me, sir?" "Yes, I know you now," replied he, "Where are you going? Home?" "No sir," said I, "I am not scared yet. I shall go when I get ready, sir." "Well," said he, "you had better clear out." I took care to keep out of the reach of his whip, but did not change my speed. He said he only wanted me by the shoulder a few minutes, he would fix me. By this time we were within thirty rods of a village,

and as I had not been frightened, he thought of another plan, and began to halloo with all his might, "there goes the Baptist!" This alarmed the people as though it had been a cry of fire. Every door and window was filled with faces; but when they learned the mystery, they withdrew with smiles. The man stopped at a store, and I saw him no more. The spring following, the Lord visited him with an awful death, the particulars of which may be seen in the following letter from brother Crane of Canton.

CANTON, April 1, 1816.

DEAR BROTHER KENDALL:— I received your letter dated March 22d, and now embrace the first leisure moment to give you an answer. I did not really think you serious when you told me not to write to you. However, I should not have written at present had it not been for your request. I have been trying ever since you left Canton, to wean myself from you; and think as little of you as possible; thinking that my anxious desires to have you for our preacher were selfish, and not for the good of the cause, or the glory of God; but because I was pleased with your gift, and fed by your preaching. I therefore have tried to find some other preacher to settle with us. We have written to Elder Wm. Palmer, of Connecticut, to make us a visit; yet, we do not have any faith to believe that he will come. I think sometimes I can say—Lord send by whom thou wilt; if it is the least of thy servants; only

let him be one whom the Lord will own and bless. We have had preaching three Sabbaths since you left here; but do not know of any more at present. O, my dear brother, pray that the Lord would send more faithful laborers into the harvest.

It is a very comfortable time with us at present. Many of our dear brethren and sisters are going from house to house, warning their friends and neighbors to flee from the wrath to come. Seven or eight have been hopefully converted; and there seems to be something on the mind of almost every person we converse with. Our prospects are good; but what the end will be God only knows. What we are experiencing in Canton of the outpourings of the Spirit is but small in comparison with what he is doing in towns around us. Such a wonderful time never was known since the country was first settled. In the towns of Easton, Mansfield, Sharon, Foxboro, Attleboro, Pawtucket, and Providence, all joining together;—sinners are flocking to Christ like clouds and like doves to their windows. Dear brother, will you starve at Litchfield, when there is bread enough and to spare within the short distance of two hundred miles! About two weeks since, I was at Elder Smith's in Bridgewater, and stayed over night; and such a reformation I never before witnessed. Meetings were held from morning till late at night. Business seemed to be entirely at an end. There I heard the groans of the wounded and the songs of the redeemed of the Lord. Many were crying—what shall we do to be saved. Others were rejoicing, and telling what God had done for their souls. O my brother! you may depend this did warm my old cold heart a little. In Providence, one

minister has been converted who belonged to the Episcopal Church. Since his conversion, he preached from this text—"I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." He told his people that there had not been a gospel sermon preached in his meeting house for upwards of thirty years. His church and people were so enraged against him that they tried to turn him away. But his preaching since his conversion has been blessed to the conversion of many. In Sharon the Lord is working in judgment as well as mercy. The Lung Fever prevails, and proves very mortal. Many people do not live more than three days after they are taken. Three and four have died out of some families. Six or seven lay dead at one time. Mr. Joseph Randall and his son were both buried in one day, from the same house. Mr. Levi Morse, his wife and two sons have died; and one other son is very sick. One of his sons that died was Capt. Morse who persecuted you so much. He lived only three days after he was taken sick. In his sickness he sent for Dea. Leavitt Hewins to watch with him. When he got there, Capt. Morse said to the Deacon "I did not send for you to watch with me only; but I want you to pray for my poor soul." Dea. Hewins' wife is very sick; but there is hope of her recovery. David Hewins is dead. Capt. Richards has lost a child. Sister David Capen is dead. She is the only one that has died out of the church.

Since the sickness prevailed, many of the Baptist brethren have often been called upon to visit and pray with the sick and the dying. In some instances Bro. Phillip and Bro. Elijah Hewins have been called upon

to pray at funerals in Mr. Whitaker's society. Many poor souls when sick and dying beg of the Baptists not to forsake their houses; though perhaps a few months since they were persecuting them. There have been from forty to sixty under the doctor's hand at a time. But although God is working in judgment in Sharon; we rejoice that his loving kindness is manifest towards many who have lately believed in Jesus. Many are inquiring in every part of the town. On Moose Hill, there is good attention. I believe there is a Methodist minister preaching among them. Mr. Whitaker's society have a young man preaching with them who we believe is a pious young man. I have just received a letter from Juliett Howard's brother, that informs me that Juliett has gone home to glory. She died March 23d. Her mind was clear and serene;—her hope was firm in Christ;—her eye bright and lively till she died; rejoicing that the Lord's time had come. Dr. Baldwin informed me yesterday that Elder Livermore had died of the prevailing disease. In Attleboro,' upwards of a hundred have died since this year commenced. April 8,—Sally Gill departed this life last night. We trust she has made a happy exchange.

Your's &c.

FRIEND CRANE.

After this church was organized in Sharon, they obtained stated preaching. The year following, I spent considerable time with them: and enjoyed many precious seasons also in Randolph and Foxboro. The town of Foxboro

had settled a minister, supposing him to be a Unitarian, entirely ignorant of evangelical truth. A young lady of his Parish, having attended one of my lectures in the fall of 1814, became deeply impressed and continued so till the next spring; when the Lord set her soul at liberty. The next Sabbath, after her minister had closed his sermon, she arose and requested liberty to speak. He was so surprised that he remained silent. She began, and told the whole congregation what the Lord had done for her soul. Her testimony was so blest that convictions were carried home into every part of the town; and in a short time a hundred souls had obtained a hope in Christ. In a few months, a Baptist church was organized in that town.

The Unitarian minister soon left town. I visited Foxboro in 1816, where the Baptists were blessed with the labors of Dr. Lovell. One of their young converts had become a preacher. After I had spent some time in Canton, the church became very anxious for me to settle with them, but I could not see my way clear so to do, as may be seen by Bro. Crane's letter, dated Sept. 24, 1817.

BELoved BROTHER:—I often take a real satisfaction in writing to my friends; especially to one who

takes so deep an interest in the welfare of the little branch of Zion in Canton, as you have ever expressed towards us. I trust if we never behold your face again in the flesh, we shall rejoice in view of the blessings we have received from your faithful instructions in times past. I once thought I could look forward to a time when the little church in Canton would have a house of worship, and Elder Kendall would be our preacher. But O, my brother, man may appoint, but the Lord disappoints. As a church, we did, and said every thing in our power to have Bro. Evans remain with us: but he is gone to the Ohio. Bro. Warren Bird, with whom you are some acquainted, has been preaching with us; much to our satisfaction. We expect him to preach with us three months. Dea. Houghton meets with the church every Lord's day, preaching or no preaching; and is very much stirred up in his mind. Some of our dear sisters are much engaged, but the most of us are very low. Bro. Fuller and wife are out of the church. Your acquaintance with them will satisfy you respecting the cause. The church in Sharon is yet in a prosperous state. The Foxboro church is in a comfortable condition except that some of the members are a little troubled with Quaker principles.

I have had the privilege of attending both the Warren and Boston Associations. It was very refreshing, Dr. Messer's Sermon excepted. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Judson; and of hearing him relate his exercises of mind respecting his change of sentiments.

Nov. 8th.—You will no doubt wonder at the close of this epistle being dated so long after the first part was written; but I thought I would not close till I could

write more spiritually. But instead of growing more spiritual, I think I am more carnal. And when I look at my life and conversation, and the state of my mind, it does appear that I do not believe that there is a hell for sinners. And I have reason to fear that the love of God is not in my heart.

Brother John Hunt's father and sister Mary have experienced religion, and Mary has joined the church. Bro. Bird is still preaching with us, and is very much engaged. I think he is a very promising man. But he cannot as yet feed the sheep. For you well know that a minister cannot lead the church any farther than he has travelled himself. Our brethren, Coleman and Wheelock, will sail next week for India. I think from my acquaintance with them, that they are called of God to that part of His vineyard. But I want to ask you one question. Is not our own country too much neglected? Would it not be more for the honor of God to take a part of the money that is raised for the support of the gospel; and expend it in our own country? How many precious souls are there in America that never heard a gospel sermon. And how many Baptist churches there are at this day who are destitute of preachers; and yet a great number of our dear ministers cannot get a support. Would it not be better to take a part of our money and supply those destitute churches; and support our dear ministers who are under the necessity of laboring for the support of their families? It appears to me that the honor of God requires that we should be more engaged for the welfare of Zion in our own country; and especially in the Baptist denomination.

Judith Page is now living in Foxboro, a faithful follower of Christ, and firmly established in the doctrine of the gospel. Some times I think if I am a Christian, I never shall enjoy religion much more in this life; I am so buried up in the earth. At other times I think if I could hear Elder Kendall preach, he would dig me up again. I hope, however, if I cannot hear you preach I shall have your prayers.

Nov. 10th. — This afternoon I have received news of the death of my oldest brother. But O! how little impression does this solemn news make upon my hard heart. But whether I realize it or not, it is saying unto me;—"be ye also ready."

Yours in the hope of the gospel.

FRIEND CRANE

To Elder Henry Kendall.

CHAPTER VI.

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REMOVAL TO TOPSHAM—DEATH OF CHILDREN—
DISMISSION FROM THE TOPSHAM CHURCH—
REVIVAL IN TOPSHAM—VISIT TO NOVA-
SCOTIA—LABORS IN CAMDEN—
—BOWDOINHAM—VASSAL-
BORO, AND OTHER
PLACES.

Soon after, I returned to the State of Maine, and found the church in Litchfield where I lived, still destitute of stated preaching. I had often urged upon them the importance of obtaining and settling another minister; but to no purpose. I had labored for them through the scenes of their poverty, half of the time for fourteen years. They now had become able to support a minister. And the blessed Lord had prospered me so that I could not be an object of charity. I therefore felt forbidden to stand in their way. So I continued to travel, and preach

among the destitute ; witnessing more or less of the works of the Holy Spirit for two years.

Having sold my farm, I moved to Topsham, March 18th. 1818, independent of any call from the church or society in that place. I had left a church in Litchfield which was very dear to me, in a very good state as to union and strength. They remained without a settled minister for six years. I bought a small farm and concluded to wait on the Lord for further orders. I found the church in a divided state ; holding meetings in two places on the Sabbath. In a few weeks, they gave me a call to become their pastor ; to which I assented. The first year we were blessed with some revival in which one of my children was a partaker, and united with the church. February 11th, 1820, death came into my family and took my third son. This was a bitter stroke for me ; but it pleased the Lord to bless it in a very extraordinary manner. For four weeks there was not a cloud passed between me and the perfections of God.

In about three months after this, (in my sleep) I was warned of the death of my oldest daughter, who then lived about 40 miles from home with her aunt. She was about 20 years of age. Soon after this, I went to see her and found her

enjoying good health. I told her that I had been warned of her death, and that she would surely die in youth; and endeavored to urge upon her the necessity of being prepared to meet it. But it had no abiding effect. The first of August I was again warned of her death as before. The next day one of her cousins came to my house and told us that she was well when he left her. I told him to tell her I had had another warning of her death. In about a month the news came that she was sick and bleeding at the lungs. I went immediately to see her and found her confined to her room; but she had no sense of her situation. After she recovered a little, I carried her home. She felt still flattered that she should get well. Thus she continued about a year, and then began to fail. By this time, all the feelings of a father's heart were brought into action to see my lovely child, in the bloom of life, sinking into eternity unprepared. But in March following, it pleased the Lord to discover to her her need of a Saviour, and from this time her distress of mind was more than that of her body. She continued in this state of mind till the first of May, when the Lord appeared and set her soul at liberty. From that time to her death which was the first of

August, she enjoyed generally a comfortable hope in Christ. She bore her sufferings with great patience, and met death with composure. When dying, she said, "Christ is more precious than every thing else."

While I was closing her eyes, the following text came to mind, "HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL." When she was buried, I preached her funeral sermon from the same words. But the hand of bereavement was not yet stayed. About four months after her death, the Lord laid his hand upon my youngest son, who was the most promising child of his age, that we ever had. When I saw that he was going the way of all the living, it brought me under a sore trial, for, notwithstanding the Lord had dealt so bountifully with me in the death of my other children, now I found my parental affections fast hold of the life of my dear son, in such a manner that I awfully feared that I should be left under the power of unreconciliation.

The day before he died, my distress was so great that I went to the woods, and there pleaded with the Lord not to leave me to be unreconciled to his most blessed will; for I dreaded that more than the death of all my children. The blessed Lord heard my supplications, and so

helped me that when my child died, December 6, 1821, his precious grace sweetened the bitter cup, so that I could again say, "HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL." Thus I followed the third dear child to the grave, with an unutterable sweetness in my soul, and never, for a moment, have I wished them back again.

In the year 1818, my wife fell into a state of despair. For five years she was laid aside from her care and usefulness in my family; but during this time she remained most strongly and tenderly attached to me. At the end of that time, however, she contracted a most bitter hatred against me, which continued twenty years. Thus the reader will perceive that twenty-five years of my life have been a scene of distress, which none but God and myself know.

The second year of my labors in Topsham, the church was called to pass through trying scenes. The habit of intemperance had become so common in the church, that we were compelled to take the rod of discipline, and use it, till one half of the male members, and several females were excluded. The church was then reduced to eight members, and only two of them able to do any more than to support their families. We had no place to worship in, but an

uncomfortable school house ; and after toiling in this way for some time, I told the church that one of two things must be done, either I must leave them, or we must make one desperate effort to build us a small house of our own. The former, the church could not bear, and the latter looked impossible. After laboring three months, we organized ourselves into a body politic, and got our subscription papers for building the house. After making every effort, I obtained hardly enough for the outside. We then had a meeting, and the expense looked so great that some were for giving it up ; but I told them if they would follow my example, we would go a-head. Notwithstanding I was poor, and my large family was depending upon my labor for support, I would double my subscription. The most of them doubled theirs. They then appointed myself and Deacon Perkins a building committee, to procure a spot, and build the house. As soon as our object was known in the village, a double price was put upon every vacant spot of land. At length we obtained land enough down in a valley by the side of a brook.

In the month of March, Deacon Perkins, myself and boy went into my woods, and commenced the work. In April we raised it, and in

November, it was finished with thirty pews. We were mocked by the proud, and called "the valley folks." About this time, one night, when in deep sleep, I fancied myself down by our vestry (for so we called it,) and saw people passing and repassing. The following lines came into my mind. I repeated them and it awoke me.

"Here in this valley, saith the Lord,
Will I divide my holy word:
Here shall my saints in me rejoice,
And sinners tremble at my word."

At our next meeting, I told it to my brethren and assured them that it was from the Lord, and we should see it accomplished. In the year 1825, the Lord was pleased to bless us with another revival of religion, in which two more of my children were brought to believe in Christ, and I had the pleasure of leading them into the church.

After I had labored with the church in Topsham nearly ten years, being almost worn out with troubles and hard labor at home, and having received but a trifle, I took my dismissal from the pastoral care of the church. I then devoted myself to missionary labors. About the close of the year 1835, I returned home from a

missionary tour. The church had been for some time in a low, tried state. They concluded to hold a series of meetings, but we seemed to have but little faith that they would be blessed. The first day, I was not able to attend. After that I attended. Several other ministers were there also. I did not like their management; therefore I went home that night with such a trial that I had but little rest. Before morning, however, the blessed Lord delivered me from it, and set my soul in a large place. In the morning I hastened to the meeting, and unbosomed my whole soul. I told them that if they were going to put human agency before the Holy Spirit, they must work without me. And that our only hope was in the power of the Holy Spirit, which would come in answer to the prayer of faith.

From this time, there appeared to be an evident change in the state of feeling in the meeting. The Spirit of the Lord came down, and an unusual spirit of prayer pervaded the church, and sinners were pricked in the heart. The next day the assembly was much larger, and the spirit of prayer and of conviction increased so that we became convinced that our vestry would no longer hold the people, and that we must go

to the Congregational house. Their minister, Mr. Hawes, and his people had been invited to unite with us ; and by this time he had become absorbed in the work. When we decided to go to their house, it was thought by some that all the anxious should stay at the vestry, while the rest went to the meeting house. I objected to that ; I told them we would keep all together, and that there should be perfect liberty given in all the meetings, to speak or pray, or to request prayer, as the Spirit might dictate. My motion prevailed, and was carried with success through all the meetings.

The Lord met with us again the next morning. The people assembled together as though the day of Judgment was near. We had prayer meetings early in the mornings, and notwithstanding the severity of the weather, I have seen nearly two hundred together in these meetings. We had at this time, a man teaching school in the village, who was an Infidel. As the young people left the school to attend meeting, he became very angry. One evening, he went into the gallery in order that he might see what was going on, but it pleased the Lord to give him a word that he could not shake off. The next day he dismissed his school, and came to meeting,

and took a back seat. I followed him, and putting my hand on his shoulder, asked him what the matter was. He answered, "I feel like a criminal going to the place of execution." I left him. The next morning he came to meeting again, in great distress, and stated that he owed the public a debt that he was bound to pay. He then went on and gave an account of the heaven-daring course he had pursued in order to save his conscience. He said he thought Christians could not pray for him, for the day of grace was past. He then fell on his knees, and like a criminal, begged for mercy. This gave a new impulse to the meeting. In a short time he was set at liberty, and commenced his school by prayer. The enmity of his former associates was so aroused that they attempted to turn him out of school, but failed. Thus the work of the Lord went on.

Two more of my children were brought to rejoice in the Lord, in this work of grace. Our meeting continued sixteen days, and as the fruit of the revival, seventy souls were added to the church.

While the revival was in progress, I put up one night at brother S. Perkins'; and late in the evening, a messenger came for me to go to Mr.

Scribner's. When I went into the house, I found Mr. S. leaning over a chair, trembling in every limb. His wife, a hired girl, and two young men were sobbing like children. Mr. Scribner said,—“If you can pray, do pray for us.” I knelt down and prayed. As soon as I closed, he began to rejoice. In a few minutes, the two men were set at liberty. The next morning they went to meeting, and told what the Lord had done for their souls. Many other cases might be mentioned, but I forbear.

In October 1850, I was called to visit the First church in Vassalboro', which had long been almost invisible. It pleased the Lord to pour out his Spirit and revive his work. In that revival about fifty were added to the church. I baptized forty-six of them. After spending nearly a year with them, I took a mission among the churches in the Waldo Association. There I found the churches badly afflicted with divisions and internal trials. But the Lord helped us, and a general union was restored. In 1834, I was a messenger to the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Associations. I went to Lubec, crossed the Bay of Fundy to Windsor, and went up to Amherst by land. The Nova Scotia Association was held at Amherst, where I formed a most

endearing acquaintance with the ministers and brethren, from whom it was hard to part. I then went round the Bay of Fundy, by land, down to the city of St. John, and attended the New Brunswick Association. There I enjoyed a precious season. I was much delighted in finding the brethren in those Provinces so apostolic in their faith and practice. Reading sermons was not countenanced among them.

From St. John, I returned to Eastport. From thence I returned home, having been gone seven weeks, and travelled about one thousand miles. In the year 1846, I went to Camden on a mission, and found a revival of religion in the Congregational Society. The Baptist church was very much scattered. They had had preaching but one Sabbath for six months previous to that time. I found them very much discouraged; but we soon had several added by baptism. This gave them new courage; still they had no place of worship that they could control. They had given ten dollars per year for the use of a school house, and had often been turned out of it by others. After becoming acquainted with their situation, I told them they must make a powerful effort to build them a meeting house, or they would lose their visibility. The prospect was

dark. They were few in number, and in low circumstances. After much labor, I commenced a subscription, and continued it till I obtained pledges for two thousand and one hundred dollars. I then went to Boston and all the towns in that vicinity, and collected about three hundred dollars. I then returned, and we commenced making preparations for building the house, which was finished in December, 1837. The whole cost of the house and land, was about four thousand dollars.

After the house was dedicated, I labored with them several weeks, and the people were so attached to me that I knew not how to leave them, and not hurt them; yet I was impressed that the Lord had something for me to do in another place. At this time brother Freeman came there, and I engaged him to tarry two Sabbaths, while I went home to my family. The church, after hearing him a few times, gave him a call. This event relieved me from any further labor in that place.

Immediately after this, I was called to labor with the little church in Bowdoinham. There we enjoyed a good revival, and ten were added to the church. After laboring with them eight months, I left them, and visited other feeble churches.

In 1839, I visited Vassalboro', and found the two churches in a low, scattered, and almost discouraged state. The first church had an old meeting house, not worth repairing. Their members were reduced by deaths, removals and dismissions till they had become few and weak. The second church had no meeting house, and were few in number. My first labor was to convince them that the only way to save the Baptist cause was for both churches to unite in one, and build a new meeting house. After some weeks labor I accomplished my object. We then got up a subscription for a house, and obtained almost enough to build it. The next season it was finished, and on the day of sale, we sold almost enough to pay the expense of building. I then secured the labors of brother Ellis for them and left them.

In 1840, I spent the most of my time in Harpswell, East Brunswick, and Portland, in reformations. In Portland the work was very great. At the close of 1840, I took an agency for the American and Foreign Bible Society. I spent several weeks, and collected \$241; but by reason of ill-health, I was obliged to relinquish public labor. My head and nerves being affected by a spinal complaint, and my domestic

trials continuing, I had but little enjoyment for four months.

CHAPTER VII.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY — NOTICES OF THE
DEATH OF A SON—MISSIONARY
LABORS.

October, 1841.—For nearly three months past, I have tried to preach almost every Sabbath, but under such a load of infirmities, that I often think every sermon must be my last. I now close the fortieth year of my ministerial labor, and have reason to weep over them all. Although I have seen much of the salvation of God, and have labored to the utmost of my strength, yet it seems as though I have done but little for the cause of Christ. I have never been what I ought to have been, neither am I what I thought I should be ; and now it is too late for me to redeem what is past.

“ The land of silence and of death,
Attends my next remove ;
Oh ! may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.”

The last two years of my life have been filled up with peculiar trials and perplexities, both spiritual and temporal, and the clouds are not yet blown over. The spread of Robert Hall's sentiments on Communion through the churches, through the influence of one of our modern Evangelists, has been a sore trial to me. Although no church has been revolutionized by it, yet it has affected them and destroyed their sweet harmony and union. And the spirit of amalgamation has become so prevalent, both in preaching and hearing, that it threatens that the church will be lost in the world, and truth and error be confounded. These things, with many others, that relate to the cause of Christ, are a source of constant labor and grief to my mind ; for it is always well with me when truth prevails and Zion prospers.

November 28, 1841.—I must now go back to the first of September last, at which time my oldest son, a hired girl, and little grand-son were all taken sick with the Typhus Fever. After they began to recover, my daughter and two of her children and another son, were also taken sick with the same fever. At this time a scene opened to me that was beyond description.

Our neighbors forsook us for fear of taking the fever, and there was scarcely a well one in the family to take care of the sick. My daughter came so near the grave that twice we supposed her to be dying; but God, in great mercy, spared her. My dear son, Henry, about 25 years old, after being confined to his room one week, was suddenly called from time to eternity. This, to me, was a bitter stroke.

Although I have often said with Job, "Pity me, O ye, my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me," I feel still to say: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." In this affliction the words of the blessed Saviour have often helped me—"The cup that my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?"

December 26.—Since the above date, my wife and grand-daughter have had the fever, but are recovering. Thus, for four months and a half, my house has been like a hospital. But I know that all these things, and all that await me are laid up in God's treasures, and are meted out in infinite wisdom. I still hope that

Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.

I have no recollection of preaching but three Sabbaths for three months past, and I feel as if my toils on earth are nearly done. Some times I can say with Watts,—

Moments of sin and months of woe,
You cannot fly too fast.

At other times, the awful fear of self-deception makes me tremble. Then the precious promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," revives my fainting hope.

February 13, 1842.—The cloud of dark providences still surrounds me. This is the Sabbath, and I am confined at home by sickness. How tedious the day, when I have been so long accustomed to meeting with the assemblies of His saints. Nor is this the worst of my case. In former years, when in troubles, the Lord dealt bountifully with me. But now he hides his smiling face. Nor do I wonder at this, for I consider it an infinite stoop of boundless grace, that God should ever look in love on such a wretch as I.

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see :
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me."

Those six months that I was confined at home by sickness and death, together with my own infirmities, seem like a distressing dream. Now the Lord is reviving his work in many places, and I am denied any share in it. This is trying to me. Sometimes I have felt as if my soul was like a wilderness,

“Where beasts of midnight howl,
There the sad raven finds her nest,
And there the screaming owl.”

Oh! for patience to bear the cross, and finish my course with faith.

I contemplate the happy state
Of my dear children—gone;
And then my weary soul's in haste
To join their heavenly song.

But O! the thought—should I come short,
And find myself left out!
Lord, search my heart, and try my ways,
Nor leave me thus to doubt.

I would believe that Christ is mine;
But fear to call him so;
Lest when he calls me to his bar,
He'll frown, and bid me go.

DEATH OF HENRY OREN KENDALL, OF TOPSHAM.

“Seldom have I taken occasion to record the death of a young gentlemen with more emotion, or with greater sense of my inability to do justice to the subject, than on this occasion. The approach of death is fraught with solemnity on any occasion ; but never is his approach more mysterious, or the providence by which he is commissioned to come, more inscrutable, than when the useful—the worthy—the good—in the flower of life, are the victims of his grasp. Such is the case with the above-named gentleman. He died in Topsham, at the residence of his father, Elder H. Kendall, Oct. 28, 1841, aged 24 years, 10 months and 10 days.

Seldom have I been acquainted with a young man of more friends, or more endearing qualities than Mr. Kendall. He possessed good, natural abilities, a fine disposition, a mind intelligent, a demeanor courteous and gentlemanly, a heart warm, open and generous. Added to all his other external accomplishments, Mr. K. was eminently a Christian. He enjoyed favorable opportunities for religious privileges from early life ; but it was not till about five years since, that he was awakened to a sense of his moral

condition, and brought to submit himself to Christ as one of his followers. His views of his depravity were very clear, and deep. For several weeks he was in a most deeply anxious state; often inquiring what he should do to be saved. It was now apparent to all, that a gracious work had commenced in his heart. He soon joyfully embraced the gospel method of salvation, by throwing himself at the foot of the Cross, renouncing his own merit, and as he has since expressed it, believed what his Lord had done, and received a righteousness which was full and free. He was then an apprentice in Vassalboro', where the writer of this was then for a time laboring. There he connected himself with the Baptist church. His examination for admission to the church was interesting. He came forward with much apparent diffidence, but with humble trust in Christ, and in an unaffected manner related his Christian experience, and was welcomed to the ordinances of the church. The next Sabbath, he and several others were buried with Christ by baptism, and went on their way rejoicing. It was a lovely day, about the first of September, 1836. The beautiful sheet of water, (the twelve mile pond) never exhibited a finer surface than on that occasion. It resembled Lake Enon,

near Salem, where John baptized "because there was much water there." Bro. K. has frequently referred to that day as the happiest of his life. In 1840, at the time of the distinguished religious interest in Topsham, he removed his connection to that place, where he was most cordially received to the privileges of the church. This new connection formed an interesting period in his religious history. He became deeply impressed with the shortness of time, and the importance of fulfilling the great purpose of human existence. His exhortations were faithful; his prayers fervent; his liberality generous; his walk pious and constant. His views of the benevolent institutions of the day were comprehensive and just. He was wholly free from that fault-finding spirit which so much abounds in the community. He was a friend to Education, to Missions, and an unfaltering friend to the great Anti-Slavery movements, and freely brought to their aid his prayers, his counsels, and his money, according to his ability. Mr. Kendall was a mechanic, always diligent in his business, and honest and upright in his dealings. None could say ought against him as a citizen, a neighbor, or a Christian. In his religious walk he was consistent, and a spirit of piety ran

through the general tenor of his conversation. He was therefore beloved by the church of which he was a member.

The sickness which terminated his life thus early, was short and severe; but death in his approach (we hope) found him ready. Had his life been continued, he would, no doubt, have exhibited a career of usefulness, honorary to his family, to the church and to the world. But death had marked him for his victim, and, inscrutable as the providence appears, he was forced to yield to the King of terrors. A venerable father and a weeping mother bend over him, together with a train of brothers and sisters and mourning relatives. May they find an alleviation to their sorrows, in the sweet reflection that their loss is his unspeakable gain."

E. R. WARREN.

AUGUSTA, Dec. 10, 1853.

AN ACROSTIC ON THE DEATH OF HENRY OREN KENDALL.

H eaven had decreed my early fate.
 E arth is my home no more ;
 N ough t could the hand of cruel death
 R estrain : my days are o'er.
 Y oung people all, to you I speak :

Oh! hear my warning word :
 Remember death your life doth seek ;
 Escape unto the Lord.
 No ties on earth can hold you here ;
 Know that your bounds are set ;
 Earth's opening grave will be your share ;
 Nor should you this forget.
 Death called me in the bloom of life,
 And this may be your fate.
 Lay up in heaven, your treasures now,
 Lest it should be too late.

 ACROSTIC 2D.

Henry, my son, has bid adieu to time :
 Ere twenty-five years had run their hasty rounds ;
 Not to sorrow in this world of grief —
 Reigns with his Saviour, never more to weep :
 Young as he was, when twenty years of age,
 On things divine his inmost soul engaged.
 Religion was the object of his choice ;
 Earth lost its charms ; in Christ he did rejoice ;
 Now in the regions of the blest above,
 Knows as he's known, and shouts redeeming love.
 Eternal wonders of redeeming grace,
 Now shine with glory in the Saviour's face
 Dear Father, Mother, Brother, Sister dear,
 All now is well ; don't drop for me a tear :
 Let all your sorrows in this world of grief,
 Lead you to Christ, that you may find relief.

H eaven will reward your toils of faith and love ;
 E ternal glories are laid up above ;
 N o more let sorrow break your aching heart ;
 R edeeming grace will save you from the smart.
 Y ou all remember when on earth I dwelt,

O ft did I weep with trouble and with guilt :
 R edeeming grace has turned my night to day ;
 E ternal love to be my song for aye,
 N o more to combat with the strength of sin ;—

K een were its pains ; I felt its deadly sting.
 E arly the Lord in mercy called me home—
 N o more my youthful feet from him to roam.
 D ear friends, adieu, adieu to earth and sin ;
 A ll now is well ; the Saviour took me in.
 L oud is the song, and will forever be —
 L ife, grace, and glory, on the highest key.

H ow hateful in the sight of God
 M ust sin forever be ;
 I ts wages is most certain death,
 A nd from it none are free.

A parent's heart may bleed with grief ;
 B ut death no pity hath ;
 W hile blooming youth are called by him,
 T o bid adieu to earth.

W e see our children groan and die—
 C alled in the bloom of youth ;

With bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes,
We taste the sting of death.

How bitter is the dreadful cup,
That old and young must drink ;
For God hath said return to dust,
And all must pass that brink.

But O ! how glorious is that grace,
That brought a Saviour down
To drink the bitter cup of wrath,
That we might wear a crown.

He died in pain, sweetened the grave,
He burst the bars of death ;
He triumphed o'er its awful power,
To free our souls from wrath.

Cease, then, my tears for children gone,
Who fell asleep in Christ ;
They're freed from sin's deluding snares,
And entered into Life.

Dear Saviour, let thy spirit come,
To sweeten all my grief,
Till thou shalt call me to thy self,
And grant me full relief.

Lord, thou hast made me feel thy rod,
Till I am drowned in tears ;
I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe.

Thy holy law condemns my soul
For sin, to death and hell ;
I own thy righteous dealings just,
In all that me befall.

But shouldst thou bring me to thy bar,
And charge my sins to me,
My guilty soul must sink to hell,
Where hope can never be.

But oh ! may not a wretch like me,
Still hope through Jesus' blood,
That all I suffer here on earth,
Shall work my lasting good.

Forsake me not, now I am old,
And heart and flesh doth fail ;
Lord hold me up, and make me bold,
And be my lasting strength.

Thou didst, in seasons past and gone,
Sweeten my cup of grief ;
I felt thy smiles within my soul,
Which gave me rest and peace.

But now thy face from me is hid,
And I in darkness mourn,
And I am tempted to despair :—
When will my Lord return ?

Must I be still afflicted more,
Till I am crushed with grief ?
How long, my God, how long before
Thou wilt afford relief !

July 3, 1842.—In the spring of 1842, notwithstanding my poor state of health, I felt a desire to visit and explore the Aroostook country. As yet the moral condition of that region was but little known. The first of June, I attended our Convention, and received an appointment for twelve weeks, at two dollars and fifty cents per week. I had now to leave a revival of religion in the church at Bowdoin, where I had been laboring, and prepare for my tour in the wilderness. I started on my mission in the County of Aroostook, June 29, 1842. And notwithstanding my health was poor, I travelled one hundred and twenty miles, the first three days, and arrived at brother Sanders' in Passadumkeag, and tarried over the Sabbath—preached four sermons, and delivered a temperance lecture. I am now one hundred and twenty miles from home on a missionary tour to Houlton, and to-day I am 68 years old, and in the 41st year of my ministry. Oh! how little have I done for him who laid down his life to redeem my soul. Although I have almost worn out my life in preaching the gospel, and trying to advance the cause of Christ, yet it seems to me that I have done nothing.

“ Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee ;
And to thy grace, my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.”

I arrived at Houlton on Friday, and found quite a village, with two meeting-houses, one an Orthodox, the other a Unitarian. The Orthodox minister being gone, I preached two Sabbaths in their house. After that, the Unitarians gave us the use of their house, with all readiness, and I preached in their house six Sabbaths. I was informed that there had not been one Sabbath's preaching in that village before, by a Baptist minister, for twelve years. I found but one Baptist brother, and a few sisters, in the village. I also heard that there were Baptist members scattered in the new settlements around the village ; and my first work was to hunt them up. But painful to tell, some of them had been living like the world around them. After much labor, I ventured to appoint a meeting to see if materials could be found to organize a church. At the time appointed a goodly number met, and I found the most of them sound in the faith, and order of the gospel. About this time, I had the misfortune to lose my horse, which exposed me to much hardship in travelling on foot.

August 6, 1842.—I received a letter from home, stating that my daughter, who was in good health when I left, now lay at the point of death with a fever. Under such circumstances, my feelings cannot be described. I had no where to go, but to cast my burden on him who has been my helper in all my afflictions. On Saturday, 13th, the Council met and organized a church of fifteen members. The next Saturday we had a Conference, and the next day we had communion; and it was a time long to be remembered.

The 18th of August, I received the news of the death of my dear child, who died the next morning after I received my first letter. Thus, by the bitter stroke of death, I have lost six children, but, “the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.” After spending eight Sabbaths in Houlton, and the region round about, and commending them to God, and the word of his grace, I bade them farewell, and took my leave of them.

I then went to Patten, on the Aroostook road, where I expected to organize a church; but finding them not ready, and receiving a letter that another daughter was sick with the fever, I tarried with them two Sabbaths, and then return-

ed home. I had been gone twelve weeks, and preached forty-nine sermons, and attended many other meetings for prayer and conference. In these new settlements, I found Baptist brethren who had moved from different parts of the States and Provinces, but had not been to a conference for twelve or fourteen years, and many of them had become so conformed to the world as to live without family prayer. It seemed to put them in pain to introduce the subject of religion. But I had the happiness of seeing many of them brought to the light.

This new country is the most important field of missionary labor that there is in the whole State. The village of Houlton is quite an important place. If they could be furnished with stated preaching, of the right kind for that vicinity, the Baptist cause would soon flourish there. In the town of Hodgdon there is a good Baptist church, and they are awake to the cause of Christ, but are destitute of preaching, unless they are supplied since I left there. But it would be in vain to attempt a description of the moral destitution of that beautiful region. When I left there, I left my heart with them, and if my health would admit, I should not stay away from them. Their perishing need is almost constantly

before me. But I feel now as though my missionary labors were over. Should it please God to restore my health, I think it would be my delight to preach the gospel to the poor.

I will here mention one circumstance which took place with me while on my mission. I had been from home one week, and was at Mattawamkeag Point. One night I was warned in my sleep that death was coming again into my family, very soon. The next week I wrote my family, informing them of my warning; hoping that God would prepare me and them for the event. Before six weeks had passed, I received the news above mentioned.

After my return home, my health ran down, so that I was not able to preach for nearly three months, and I thought it very doubtful if I should ever preach again. I was not idle, for when I could go abroad, I was begging for the poor churches at Houlton and Hodgdon, till I obtained for each of them a good set of communion vessels, and six Hymn Books and sent them on.

After a while my health improved so that I went to China, and the Maine Baptist Missionary Board for the middle District appointed me their agent to raise a thousand dollars, for the Aroostook and other domestic missions; and also to

survey the missionary stations, and look out men to supply them. I commenced my labor without delay. After visiting between twenty and thirty churches, and getting them interested in raising their proportional part of the one thousand dollars, I went into the Aroostook, and got a survey of five missionary stations. I then returned and visited the churches in the Penobscot and Piscataquis Associations. I then went to the Waldo Association, in Palermo, and met the Missionary Board. Brother Batchelder was then appointed missionary for Hodgdon, Amity, and Mattawamkeag Forks. I then attended three more Associations, and met an adjourned meeting of the Board. Three more missionaries were appointed, and I was prepared to report about six hundred dollars secured for the mission. I then returned home to rest a short time, and it is now October 23d, 1843. I have now closed the 42d year of my ministry, and am in the 70th year of my age. I have reason to bless God for the privilege during the two past years of my life, of exploring the destitute regions of the Aroostook; yet I mourn my almost useless life. How little have I done for God! I have just returned from a five weeks agency, in which I have collected \$141,91 for the mission,

and paid over to the treasurer \$110. There has been a great excitement the past year about the Second Advent, but it has very much subsided, and the moral atmosphere through the State is like the stillness that succeeds a dreadful earthquake.

The following letters to the Board will afford some account of my labors in the Mission cause.

TO THE BOARD OF THE MIDDLE DISTRICT OF
THE MAINE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BELOVED BRETHREN:—In accordance with your request last June, at Warren, I immediately commenced my agency, and went to Vassalboro', and spent the Sabbath, I then went to Augusta, and Hallowell, and got Elders Warren, Adlam and Wilson to assist me, and we made a general assessment of the \$1000 on the churches, subject to such alterations as should appear proper. I also went to Richmond, Bowdoinham, Topsham, Litchfield, and West Gardiner, and finding it impossible to collect the assessments at present, I published an address to the churches, which appeared in the Advocate. On the 21st of July, I started on a general visit among the churches. I went to Vassalboro', and spent the Sabbath, and that evening to China Village, and the church engaged to raise their assessment. The next day I went to South China, and collected \$5,75. I visited the deacons and others, of both churches in Palermo, and attended a very interesting meeting in the

evening. I went to the First Church in Jefferson, and engaged their minister and deacon to collect their assessment; and then went on my way, calling upon some churches, and writing to others, till I came to Camden, where I spent two Sabbaths. From there I went to Hope, and then to Belfast, and engaged brother Sargent to collect their tax. The next day I left there—called at Frankfort and Hampden, and put up at Bangor. I found the churches generally pleased with the method of assessment, and most of their leading brethren making an effort to collect, without further trouble to the agent. I then went to Oldtown, from thence to Passadumkeag, and preached in the evening. Thursday, went to Mattawamkeag Point, in the evening. Friday, went to Patten, and carried them a set of communion vessels and six Hymn Books, that I had procured for them. I tarried two Sabbaths, visited two new settlements, got the church together, and helped them choose a deacon. I preached six sermons, and attended two prayer and conference meetings,—broke bread to them and returned to No. 3, and preached in the evening. The next day, I went to Mattawamkeag Forks, to Hodgdon and Houlton, where I tarried two days and three nights, and after regulating some important business relative to the mission, I returned to Mattawamkeag to spend the Sabbath. But we had so great a rain that we had nothing but a little prayer meeting. Monday, I returned to Lincoln, Tuesday, to Passadumkeag; Wednesday, to Oldtown, and Bangor; having spent three weeks in the missionary field, and taken account of five missionary stations. Thursday, I went to Levant and Corinth; Friday, to Charleston and Dover; Saturday,

was unwell; Sunday, preached twice in Dover, and at evening, preached in Foxcroft village; Monday, went to Guilford; Tuesday, to Parkman and Dexter; Thursday, to St. Albans, and preached in the evening; Friday, went to the village, and thence to Athens village, where I spent the Sabbath and preached half of the day. After meeting, went to Cornville, where I preached in the evening. Monday, went to Bloomfield and preached a lecture; Wednesday, to Fairfield; Thursday, to Waterville, where I tarried over the Sabbath, visited and made some collection. I then went to Palermo, to the Waldo Association, from there to Belfast, spent the Sabbath, got a collection, from thence to St. George, to the Lincoln Association, then returned home to attend the Bowdoinham Association. I there collected some money; went to the Damariscotta Association, then returned home to rest a while, having spent twelve weeks in the service of the Board.

After resting a while, I started again on my agency, went to Leeds and spent the Sabbath; thence to Wayne and Fayette—attended a Quarterly Meeting—collected some money, and wrote to several churches. I then went to South Palermo, preached a lecture and collected a little money. I then went to the First Church in Jefferson, and spent the Sabbath. I then went to Camden and attended a Quarterly Meeting. Here I got important information about the collections. I then returned to Warren, and commenced collecting. I went to West Thomaston, Sabbath evening, and by the next noon, I collected \$22,38. I then went to Warren and collected \$46,88. I then went to Waldoboro', but they

were not ready, and then went to Nobleboro'—spent the Sabbath, and got a collection. I spent six days, then went to the Second Church—spent the Sabbath, collected \$41,54. I then went to Alna. Brother Day engaged to collect their \$20, without my labor. I then went to Whitefield, and started a subscription. I then returned home, Nov. 31, 1843, having been absent five weeks and collected \$140. December 20, I collected and paid over to the treasurer, \$124,34. I commenced my labors another week, and returned home sick; having preached eight sermons, and attended three other meetings.

H. KENDALL.

January 10, 1844.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUATION OF DIARY — MISSIONARY LABORS.

I have collected and paid over to the treasurer \$124,34. I have been laid by one week with the influenza. I have much to be thankful for, but my heart is hard. Dear Saviour, melt this flint away in thine own crimson sea.

June 23, 1844.—I have just returned from our yearly Missionary Meeting. I have closed up my agency for the past year. There has been collected and expended, in the Middle District within the past year, a little short of 1,300 for Domestic Missions, in the State. I have received the same agency for another year, and have undertaken to help the little church in Patten build a meeting-house; there being none nearer than eighty miles as the road goes.

July 3, 1844.—I have numbered my threescore and ten years, and in reviewing the past, I must

cry out: What a strange rebellious wretch I have been, and God, as strangely kind. Truly I am a wonder to myself. I know that the land of silence and of death, attends my next remove. Lord help me to redeem the remnant of my moments while I have them; for the night of death comes when I can do no more for the cause of Christ.

August 21, 1844.—I have just returned from another tour to the Aroostook, of five weeks and four days;—have preached eleven times—attended several other meetings, and travelled six hundred miles.

October 12, 1844.—Since the above date, I have attended six Associations, while on my agency, and have made several collections; but of late my health is rather poor—not able to fulfil my appointments on the Sabbath. Alas! what a rough sea I am in. How much it looks as though my little bark would be foundered after all; but God who commands the winds and waves, can yet make it a calm. I have now closed the forty-third year of my ministry, and yet the great moral dearth is almost all over the State. When will the day break and the dismal night be gone?

November 23, 1844.—I have been confined

at home several weeks by sickness. I often think how much it takes to wean me from the world ; but, again, I often fear that I am one of Bunyan's " Weary of the World ;" but sure I am, that my life on earth is very little sweet at best.

December 8, 1844.—I am yet in the furnace. Lord, help me to " be still and know that thou art God." My wife lies at the point of death—speechless and helpless, under a shock of palsy. And will God, for Christ's sake, have mercy on her soul, and prepare me for the bitter stroke ?

Dec. 16, 1844.—To-day the brittle thread has been struck : death has entered and taken its captive—the dear wife of my youth—the idol of my younger days—the mother of my children. But I know that the Judge of all the earth has done right. Lord, help me to kiss the rod and bless the hand that lays it upon me, that I may be prepared for my exit into the spirit world.

January 2, 1845.—I have just returned from a two week's tour on my agency—have preached seven sermons, and collected some money for the mission, and met with many dear, sympathizing friends ; and it is a consolation that I have an interest in their prayers.

July 3, 1845.—To-day I am 71 years old,

and have just finished up another year's labor for the mission cause. If the Lord will, I shall soon start again into the Aroostook County to see if the wilderness begins to blossom as the rose, and the streams begin to break forth in the desert. But "except thy presence go with me carry me not up there."

September, 26, 1845.—I have just returned from another tour into the Aroostook, and have had a laborious scene. I visited Patten and left \$122, which I had collected for them. I also visited Houlton and the region around it. The state of religion is low in that county.

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN
THE WESTERN DISTRICT OF MAINE.

BELoved BRETHREN:—I set out on my mission to the Aroostook on Tuesday, July 29, 1845, and notwithstanding the abundance of rain, and the extreme roughness of the travelling, I arrived at Patten on Saturday of the same week; a distance of about two hundred miles. I was so fatigued, that I had hard work to preach twice on the Sabbath. I found the state of religion very low, but the people were hungry for the word. They had got their meeting-house up, and expect to board and shingle it before cold weather. I left what money I had collected for them, and after visiting what I was able to do, and preaching three Sabbaths, I left them and went to Houlton, nearly eighty miles. I found them destitute of preaching, except once a month, by Elder Batchel-

der. I preached to them one Sabbath, two miles back from the village, and had a very interesting meeting. I spent nearly a week in trying to set things in order among them. I went to Monticello and preached a lecture. I also went to Belfast Grant, and spent a Sabbath. On my return, I preached an evening lecture in Linneus. The meeting was very solemn. A lame man came two miles on foot, with his cane, to attend the meeting. He was very much affected. The next morning he came three miles for me to pray with him. Before he left, he was very much distressed about his soul. I found that in Linneus, Limerick, and Belfast Grant, Elder Spaulding and wife were exerting an excellent influence, as well as in some other places. They appear to be real missionaries, and under their labors, there are signs of a revival. While I was at Patten, I had a fall which injured my head so that, although it was done seven weeks ago, it is far from being well. On my return from Linneus, while passing through the woods, I was overtaken by a violent rain, and took a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and threatened me with a fever. On my return, I attended a Quarterly Meeting at Newburg, and although I was in great distress in my head and lungs, I tried to preach to them twice; for I found they needed information in regard to the missionary cause. It was very rainy, and but few assembled; yet we had an excellent meeting. They contributed \$3,98 for the mission, and I paid it over to the treasurer of the middle District. I then attended the Waldo and Lincoln Associations in order to stir them up in the mission cause. I then returned home.

having been gone eight weeks and preached from two to three times every Sabbath. When I look over the moral waste of that region, my heart is pained, and I sometimes think if I were young again, I should delight to spend my days in that country. I hope the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers into the harvest, I do not expect to perform any more missionary labor this season.

Yours, respectfully,

HENRY KENDALL.

TOPSHAM, October 2, 1845.

DEAR BRO. KENDALL.—I received yours of the 5th inst., on Friday noon, too late for a return this week by mail. It will go out on Monday. I am very glad to learn that you are so near us. We want to see you very much, and have been thinking of writing to you to make us a visit this summer. Deacon Bradbury, and some others have often inquired of me if I thought you would be here soon. I have heard them say that they must see you again; for they never wanted to see you more than they now do. We want your counsel and advice respecting many things. If you pass through Linneus, please call on brother Nickerson's family. They would be very glad to see you. I wish I could, consistently with your request, go to Patten. It would afford me much pleasure; for I have thought much of that church and people. But I cannot, at present, without great inconvenience. I have some appointments, and Mrs. Spaulding has an arrangement of female meetings in the different towns, which could not be attended if I should

be absent. Besides this, I feel that some things make it necessary that I should be here when you visit Houlton. Please come and see us as soon as you can.

Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

R. C. SPAULDING.

Houlton, August 9, 1845.

January 11, 1846.—Having supplied the church at home most of the time since I returned from the Aroostook, I am again engaged in collecting money for that mission. I have now entered a new year,—the seventy-second year of my age, and the forty-fifth year of my ministry. O, how little have I done for God, when he has done so much for me! I can do but little more at most, for my time is short. But “what my hands find to do, I must do it with my might.”

March, 1846.—I was sent for to go to Camden to help the church out of troubles. After laboring six weeks, by the blessing of God, it was restored to peace.

June 20, 1846.—We had a very interesting season at our Convention. I have relinquished my agency, and declined any appointment as a missionary.

July 1, 1846.—This morning I was married to Permelia Palmer, of Albion. May God make us a blessing to each other. I am now supply-

ing the church in Harpswell. In September, 1846, Elder B. F. Shaw, pastor of the First Church in China, being out of health, he requested me to supply his place, till he should again be able to resume his labor. It was a sore trial for me to leave the dear church at Harpswell; but as circumstances seemed to mark the path of duty, I therefore went to China, and supplied their pulpit twenty-two Sabbaths.

May, 1847.—I was called to Vassalboro', where the church had become almost distracted and torn to its very centre, by the influence of their late pastor. After laboring with them until August, I succeeded in getting a council who condemned his conduct, and bound him to make confession, which he did, and the church forgave him. But as he took a very imprudent course subsequently, the ministers who attended the June Quarterly Meeting, withdrew their fellowship from him; but at their meeting in October, he was restored, on condition that he should send a written confession to the church at Vassalboro'.

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGE OF MEASURES.—RECOLLECTIONS OF
EARLY TIMES.—DOCTRINAL VIEWS.

January, 1849.—I came to Kennebec in the year 1802, and soon became acquainted with most of the Baptist ministers in Maine. Those of my particular associates were, Elders H. Smith, J. Lock, Kinsman & Roberts, B. Titcomb, D. Green, J. Tripp, L. Boardman, O. Billings, R. Low, T. Woodward, T. Mariner, W. Stinson, S. Stinson, J. Baily, I. Case, M. Cane, J. Palmer, J. Temple, B. Cole. These, with a succession of others, who came into the field in the course of ten or twelve years, although they possessed different gifts, they attained to speak the same Truth, and to walk by the same rule. They ardently loved each other, and sought to assist each other in their arduous labors. Our manner of preaching was to present the plain truth of the Bible. The doctrine

of total moral depravity, the justly condemned state of sinners under the law,—salvation by grace through faith in Christ, as the only way for lost sinners,—with their kindred doctrines were enforced by gospel experience. God owned and blessed the word. The wilderness blossomed like the rose, and streams broke forth in the desert, and the tongue of the dumb sang praise to God. The churches came up under good discipline. Their members had to give an account of themselves to the church once a month, and the work of the Lord spread far and wide. In this way Zion prospered, and churches and associations were multiplied.

But subsequently there came several learned ministers into the Association; and, notwithstanding they were pious, godly men, some of them were very imprudent, and bore hard upon the illiterate ministers. One went so far as to state, in public, that a learned minister, without grace, would do more good in the cause of Christ than an unlearned minister with grace. Another stated in a public sermon, that the time had been when illiterate ministers had been useful; but that time had gone by. These things had an alarming effect on ministers and churches. They brought upon me a succession of trials

that I shall never be able to relate. They also produced much jealousy and prejudice against an educated ministry, and even education itself. In this state of things, I ever felt it my duty to stand between the two extremes. I was accused by one party, of being bought by the other; while the others have watched me with a jealous eye. But these troubles have measurably subsided, and our uneducated ministers have, most of them, gone to their reward. For a few years past, darkness has covered this part of the earth, and gross darkness the people; but of late the blessed Lord has begun to visit us again with a time of refreshing from his presence.

About the year 1840, there was a system of new measures introduced into some of the churches, to produce excitement, to get up a reformation, by the means of which great numbers of children and youth, were brought into the church, who, soon after, gave no true evidence of true piety. I have seen a man go to a place, and take a little girl, and stand her on a seat and put leading questions to her, so that she would only have to answer, yes. I have seen similar management for weeks together; and I was disheartened beyond description. Formerly the Lord carried on his work in a very different

manner. I was once in a reformation where I baptized a hundred and thirty-two, in seven months, and no one was called to rise for prayers, or to come to the "anxious seats." Yet I have no objection to giving those who are anxious an opportunity to request prayers, but I had rather they would come voluntarily. If the reader would like to know why I write this, I wish him to turn to a letter in this book, written to my daughter, who was a subject of such a reformation, but soon left the church and joined the Universalists, and so remained till her death. The amount of evil that has been brought upon the cause of Christ, by such a course of management, is beyond description. I know of one case where one of our modern Evangelists succeeded in getting twenty-eight converts into the water, in one day, and left them all out of the church, and a large portion of them are like other sinners, in the road to death.

I will here relate another dream; for the Scripture saith,—“he that hath a dream let him tell it.” About two weeks before such a series of meetings and a reformation commenced, I was six miles from home; and in deep sleep, I fancied myself travelling alone. At length I came to a large sheet of water. There I found

two men fishing with a singular net. They would throw it a great way upon the water, and it would sink to the bottom. They had lines to it by which they drew it ashore. It went to the bottom, and brought up every thing it met. They drew it up several times, and picked out the contents and threw them in a pile; but they took no notice of me. At length I began to inspect their fish, but I found only here and there a good one. The most of them were bad, and would soon putrify. There were also all kinds of sea shells; but the men continued their work without any regard to me. So I walked away upon the beach, and came to a spot of clear water, full of beautiful fish. I slipped in among them, and caught them with my hands, and threw them out upon the grass. I awoke, and it was a dream. But in a few weeks after, I saw it acted out in every part. I can truly say that such management has been a source of grief and trial to my soul, for I believe that, in order for sinners to be saved, they must first see and feel that they are lost, and must be saved by grace, or perish forever.

In the year 1807, after I had baptized several persons in Bloomfield, I preached a lecture at a school house, near Skowhegan Falls;—my sub-

ject was partly on baptism. When the meeting had closed, a Mr. Hartwell came out and stopped at the door. When I went out he saluted me thus:—"Mr. Kendall, I can prove that the apostles did baptize by sprinkling, and you cannot prove the contrary." I asked—"What will you prove it by, Sir?" He said, "by history." I told him to take good care of his history, and I would keep the Bible. He then asked me how much water I thought there was where Philip baptized the Eunuch. I told him there was enough to bury him in. "Oh!" said he, "it was nothing but a duck puddle." I asked him how he knew;—if he was ever there? He said, no, but he had seen the map. "Well, sir," said I, "it must be a curious map that contains duck puddles." "Well," said he, "the words 'into' and 'out of,' signify only *to* and *from*." Said I, "the New Testament says, that Jesus ascended up into heaven; but you say he did not; I wish you to tell me where he is gone; the same book tells me that the devils came out of the man, and went into the swine, and the whole herd ran down a steep place into the sea, and were choked in the water; but you say they did not, and now if you will tell me what choked those swine, I shall think that you can read

Greek. Upon that he left me, and troubled me no more with his Greek. But time would fail me to write a small part of the opposition I met within those days, and mostly from the old Arminian orders.

In the midst of this revival, I had attended a very excellent conference, and several candidates had been received for baptism. I spent the night at old sister Russell's. While there, I found my mind began to sink, and darkness covered my soul like midnight. I tried to pray, and to examine myself, to see if there was any thing that I had said or done, or had neglected to do, that had brought this darkness upon my mind; but could find nothing in particular. My distress continued all night: in the morning I retired to a secret place, and tried to throw my burden upon the Lord, but it seemed when I tried to lean on him, he withdrew with a frown, and meant to let me fall. I then knew what the Psalmist meant when he said, "I am shut up, and cannot come forth." I envied the crows as they flew over my head, and said, 'O! that I had wings like them; then I could fly away into the wilderness.' The time came for meeting, and a large assembly collected at the barn where I was to preach. I took my stand, but my soul

was in trouble that cannot be expressed. On my left, were several women; one of them noticed my appearance and seemed to understand my case; therefore, when an opportunity was offered, she whispered and said, "Brother Kendall, there is enough in Christ." These words were blessed to me, and I had such a discovery of the fullness and glory of Christ, that it made me feel whole. I then went on with my meeting, and preached and baptized, and broke bread to the church. After I had closed, I felt that I had had another terrible battle with the enemy, and God had given me the victory, and I felt to rejoice in his salvation.

I recollect that the year 1816 was one of those cold seasons which threatened the county with famine. I had a large family, and bread was very scarce and dear. I knew not how to supply them. After praying for direction, it came to my mind to go on board a coaster, and go to Boston and Canton, and visit my brethren, and peradventure the Lord would open a way for my relief. When I arrived in Boston, I called on a brother Lord, (who was an Englishman,) with whom I had been acquainted three years. I tarried with him a short time, and then went to Canton. I said nothing to him about my family

wants. When I had been at Canton a few days, I received a message from him requesting me to come to him in Boston, without delay. I went the next day. He was very glad to see me,—took me into a private room, and, after asking me some questions, he said he was aware of the delicacy that ministers feel about complaining of their wants if they can avoid it. “Now, said he, “I want you to keep nothing back; for if you do, God will surely chastize you. Are you not in a strait about your family’s support? I told him it was not my way to complain about poverty, for God had always provided for me, and I trusted he yet would. “Yes,” said he, “and he has made it your duty to own the truth when it is called for.” So I had to tell him the whole truth. “After you left here,” said he, “the Lord showed me, in my sleep, that you were needy; therefore I sent for you, and you have done well that you have come. Now tell me how many bushels of corn it will take for your family.” I told him that I thought eight would do, he said that would not be half enough, and told me to go and look out fifteen dollars’ worth, and when I was ready to go, to call upon him, and he would pay for it.

At this time my clothes had become rusty and

threadbare, and I knew not how to get any more. But my blessed Master knew what I needed, and how to provide. Brother Low sent for me to go to his shop: I went, and he took my measure for a suit of clothes, and told me they would be ready for me when I called. I then returned to Canton and spent the Sabbath; but as the vessel was to sail by the middle of the week, I then went to Boston and called on brother Lord, and he gave me fifteen dollars and some cloth to make me a cloak, and said,—“I don't wish you to think that all of this comes out of my earnings, for I am a poor man; but I have a number of Christian friends who have authorized me to look after poor ministers. Therefore when I notify them they are ready to assist; and if you need any more assistance be sure and let me know it.” I put my things on board the vessel, which was to sail in the night, but I had a lecture to attend that evening, at Dr. Sharp's vestry. When the time came, my dear friends went with me to the meeting, and I tried to preach Christ to them, being ready to depart. After meeting, brother Lord and several others accompanied me on board the vessel, and we gave each other the parting hand; but not without tears. This was the last time I ever saw that

dear brother. The next time I heard from him, the blessed Lord had called him home.

We sailed at about eleven at night. When I retired to the cabin, O, what a scene of the loving kindness and tender mercies of God rolled into my dear soul! I thought, who, and what am I, but a poor sinner, that God should deal with me thus? I think it led me to consecrate my all to him anew. That night we came very near being cast away upon half-way rock; but God preserved us from danger, and I was brought safely home, where I found my family well. I could then say: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!"

Here I would say, that nine weeks of school, finished my education for life. I have now been in the ministry forty-three years, and it has been my lot to labor mostly among poor people, who could afford me but little help; of course, I have had to labor hard to support my large family. Neither have I had the privilege of studying authors; but I have felt the importance of understanding the blessed Bible for myself, and its blessed truths have been my song in the night of my pilgrimage. They have supported me when all other streams have failed.

My views of Bible doctrine are as follows,

viz :—I believe the doctrine of the entire alienation of the heart of man from God ; so that by nature all the human family are “ children of wrath,” and justly exposed to eternal death :—that total moral depravity consists in supreme selfishness, which is found to be the first great ruling principle in every depraved creature.

I believe that all intelligent beings are free moral agents, so constituted, in the decree of creation, so that freedom of choice is absolutely necessary, in order that what we do should be either virtuous or vicious ; otherwise, our actions would be neither praiseworthy nor blameworthy.

I believe in one living and true God, who has revealed himself, in his word, consisting in three persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost ; and that the Godhead is contained in each of these persons, so that they must act in perfect union, upon an immutable plan, of his own most blessed purpose and will, by which he governs and controls all events in heaven, earth, and hell, so that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice.

I believe that the atonement made by Jesus Christ, is exactly commensurate with all the mercy and grace that God ever desired to exercise toward the fallen race, whether temporal,

or spiritual, general or particular; so that all the purposes of divine grace will be accomplished.

I believe it is the duty of all men to believe the truth, repent of sin, and return to God. But they will not come to Christ that they might have life. Hence, I believe that the salvation of sinners depends entirely upon the sovereign choice of God, carried into effect by the agency of the Holy Spirit, so that salvation is a free gift, and that evangelical faith, and repentance, are the fruits of renewing grace.

I believe that all regenerated souls will arrive at heaven, upon the immutability of the new covenant, and all that die in their sins will be forever miserable.

I believe that to sanctify is to set apart; of course, there are different classes of sanctification revealed in the Bible.

First.—God sanctified his Son, and sent him into the world to be the new Covenant Head of His Church, and, in that relation, to be their Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption. Second,—that God sanctified and set apart the Bride, the Lamb's Wife, to be the spiritual purchase of his pain, together with every thing necessary for the accomplishment of his promise that his son should see his seed, the

travail of his soul, and be satisfied. Third,—the Son sanctified himself to the work he undertook. Fourth,—that the Holy Spirit sanctifies or sets apart every one that believeth, by renewing their hearts, by which they obtain evidence of their adoption. Fifth,—the believer, upon finding his heart renewed, and knowing that it is the work of the Spirit, is led by the same spirit, to sanctify himself to God for time and eternity; and also to sanctify the Lord God in his heart, that he may be ready to every good work. The Christian is sanctified by God, the Father, in body and spirit, and it is his duty to sanctify himself to God every moment. Practical sanctification is performed, by purifying himself from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, that he may perfect holiness in the fear of God.

I believe that all afflictions and trials that await the Christian in this life, work for his best good, and that our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more and exceeding weight of glory.

I believe in the resurrection, both of the just and unjust; that the vile bodies of the saints will be changed into the likeness of the most glorious body of the Redeemer, and will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so be

ever with the Lord ; and that the wicked will be sentenced to everlasting punishment.

Sometime in January, I received the following letter from brother William Bowler, of South China.

SOUTH CHINA, January 16, 1843.

DEAR BROTHER KENDALL:—Agreeably to my wishes, and by the request of the church in this place, I drop these lines to you, my old friend; the chief object of which is to solicit a visit from you as soon as possible. The condition of the church requires some extra effort, under existing circumstances ; and the brethren are anxious to have you come and make us a visit. They also instructed me to promise, in their behalf, that you should be remunerated for your trouble.

I am Yours, in Gospel Affection,

WILLIAM BOWLER.

In about two weeks, I went to China, and found the church in a low and feeble state. We commenced a series of meetings, and the church began to wake up. We continued the meetings, afternoon and evenings, eleven days ; then I had preached twelve sermons, and there was quite an interest. Some were evidently very anxious. I then had to leave them for one week ; but the meetings were kept up. I returned, and con-

tinued the meeting about two weeks. The revival continued gradually to increase, and the church received seven candidates for baptism. By this time, I was so worn out, by preaching almost every day, and talking continually, that I was obliged to leave them for about ten days to recruit. I then returned, and resumed my labors for about ten weeks more. The good work had then spread in different directions, and seven more candidates were received for baptism. The last Sabbath in March, eleven converts followed their dear Redeemer into the watery grave. Afterwards, others were added, making twenty as the fruits of these meetings.

CHAPTER X.

STYLE OF PREACHING, AND TRIALS.

The first thirty years of my ministry, I was called a "reformation preacher;" probably because God was pleased to bless the word in almost all places where I labored any length of time. The manner of my preaching, I think, has been uniform through the whole of my ministry. The doctrine of God's holy requirements;—of total depravity,—of man's obligations,—of free, sovereign grace,—the immutability of the new covenant,—and the obligations of Christians to live to the glory of God, have been the grand topics of my preaching. Of course, I have had many warm friends and bitter enemies. But few ministers of this age have had more ridiculous stories reported about them, than myself: but through boundless grace to me, I know them all to be false. And it is remarkable that in almost all places where I have preached, the

first evidence that I have had that the Lord had a work for me to do, has been the tongue of slander. For several of the first years of my ministry, I was afflicted with awful fears of self-deception, excepting while I was preaching; then, I would forget them: but when I had closed, my handcuffs and fetters were again fastened upon me. Many times, when I have gone to my appointments, with distressing fears that I was not called of God to preach, and even doubting my sincerity as a Christian, in consequence of the constant sight of my past backslidings and deep depravity, it has pleased God to bless the word to the comfort of his people, and the awakening of sinners. I have often, after having a good season in preaching, and in Christian conversation, been sorely tried in consequence of the following suggestions:—How do you know that these things are so? You have preached what you believe, but others believe different, and are as sincere as you. And how do you know but you are altogether deceived? And, being jealous of myself, I have been rather inclined to give way to the insinuations; and have sunk so low as to call in question the whole subject of revealed religion. But, when called again to preach the gospel, I would forget

my doubts and fears, and if, at any time, I have enjoyed a comfortable state of mind, it has been counterbalanced by a dreadful storm.

I recollect, that about the year 1820, in a time of great declension among the churches, my mind sank into a most distressing situation. I was anxious to understand why there should be such extremes in the churches. On reflecting, I saw that there was from one to seven years between revivals among them ; and that they would wake up like delirious people, anxious to receive all that they could get. Thus the churches would be filled up. But when the reformation was over, they were obliged to commence discipline, and continue it sometimes for years, until the church would be almost gone. When led, in anguish, to cry to God for help, another revival would commence. Then the churches would wake up again, and go through the same course, which must be succeeded by labor and grief, without learning the reason why, and spending time enough to support the gospel abundantly, if it had been converted to the right use. After this, I attended a Quarterly Meeting, and opened my mind to the brethren ; but they supposed that something strange had befallen me ; neither could I make them see the inlet to

most of the difficulties which wreck the churches. From that time, I have pursued a different course. I have never allowed myself to baptize any, until they were made acquainted with our Confession of Faith, and were satisfied with it, and felt that the church was their home. I have found that in pursuing this course, much labor and grief have been prevented.

I have been called upon to preach in most of our cities and villages, from Rhode Island to Nova Scotia, and have often had sore trials, on account of the pride of my heart on being called to preach before the great and the learned. And when this enemy has come on like a flood, the spirit of the Lord has lifted up a standard. Many times, when I have had great freedom in preaching, the word would have but little effect. At other times, when I have not felt that freedom, God has made it effectual to the salvation of souls.

I have often thought, in trying to pray in my family, that they were tired of hearing me, and I had better give it up. At other times, I have had precious seasons in family worship. Sometimes the Bible has been to me a sealed book for weeks, and I have been awfully tempted to question its authenticity. At other times, its

promises have been like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Under my family afflictions, I have found it very difficult to maintain a pleasant temper of mind. My patience has been so severely and perpetually tested, that it has destroyed all my comfort; and were it not for the assurance that the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his, I should sink under my afflictions. I have often been helped by this text, "no chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." And again,— "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." I often think if I am a Christian, God has chosen me in a furnace of affliction; but if it would remove the dross and tin; I could rejoice in the midst of the furnace. Amidst the storms that have attended me, the following lines have often been a comfort to my soul.

(S W A I N .)

How light, when supported by grace,
Are all the afflictions I see,
To those, the dear Lord of my peace,—
My Jesus has suffered for me.

To him every comfort I owe ;
More than the fiends have in hell :
And shall I not sing as I go—
That Jesus does every thing well ?

That Jesus, who stooped from his throne
To pluck such a brand from the fire ;
A wretch, that hath nought of his own,
Not even one holy desire.

My only inheritance, sin ;
A slave to rebellion and lust ;
Polluted without and within ;
A child of corruption and dust.

Such was I, when Jesus looked down ;
When none but himself could relieve ;
What could I expect but a frown ?
Yet he graciously smiled, and said **LIVE.**

And shall I impatiently fret,
And murmur against his kind rod,—
His love and his mercy forget,—
And fly in the face of my God ?

Oh, no ! in the strength he has given,
And pledged his own love to bestow,
I'll fight through my passage to heaven,
And sing of his love as I go.

He will purge away nought but my dross,
Then let him afflict,—I'll adore :
And cheerfully bear up the cross,
That Jesus has carried before.

July 3d, 1847.—To-day I am 74 years old, and in the 47th year of my ministry. Oh ! what a worthless creature ;—laboring under infirmities that threaten my dissolution, so that I can preach but little ; and to live useless is distressing.

Dec. 7, 1848.—I have been able to preach but a part of the time the past season, and I have spent the most of it in Vassalboro', trying to save the church from sinking, but it is a hard case. I have recently witnessed some revival in Winslow, and have spent a week in a reformation in Bloomfield. Nearly twenty obtained a hope while I was with them. Oh ! how good it is to witness the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, after so long a dearth. Lord, spread it far and wide.

Sept., 1849.—I yet suffer poor health, and have preached but a few times the season past, I have recently returned from a visit to Meredith, in New Hampshire, where I first commenced preaching in the year 1801, and, having been

absent from them fourteen years, the most of my brethren and sisters were gone to their eternal home. The few whom I found, received me with inexpressible delight. I spent one Sabbath with them, and preached two sermons, and we all felt that it was probably the last time we should ever meet on earth ; and when we parted it was with many tears.

CHINA, Dec., 1849.—I have just returned from our Quarterly Meeting ;—had a good season. The presence of the Saviour was evidently with us. The past season, one branch of our church has been blessed with some revival among the youth. About fourteen have been added to the church.

The following Hymn was written in my 77th year.

Lord thou hast made my life thy care,
Through all its dangerous scenes ;
O ! may thy boundless mercy, Lord,
Lead me to love thy name.

My years to seventy-five have flown ;
While old and young have died ;
My wife and children, dear to me,
Have fallen by my side.

I know that what thou dost is right,
Though dark it seems to me ;
And here I cast my anchor, Hope,
Midst every breaking sea.

But O ! how little have I done—
For him who spilt his blood—
For to redeem my soul from death,
And bring me home to God.

'Twas boundless mercy, matchless grace,
That stopped me in my youth ;
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
And love the ways of truth.

This tongue, that has proclaimed thy love
To thousands, old and young,
Will soon lie silent in the grave,
Amidst the mouldering throng.

And when the hour of death shall come,
Dear Saviour, be my friend ;
And through the merits of thy death,
Grant me a peaceful end.

Then, washed in thy most precious blood,
With the redeemed, I'll sing
Of thy redeeming, matchless Grace,
My Saviour, and my King.

Then with the chief of sinners, I
 Will seek the lowest place,
 That I may sing the highest song,
 Of thy redeeming Grace.

Then shall I see my Saviour dear,
 Who groaned and died for me;
 And join with all the blood-washed throng,
 To praise eternally.

The following letters were received from brethren and sisters, in different places, with whom I had formerly been acquainted.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1816.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD:—Agreeable to your request, I take my pen to inform you of the glorious work of God, which is going on in the town, Oh! brother, the saints of God have not prayed in vain. The Lord is causing some mercy drops to fall here; and though I have, myself, conversed with about fifty who have visited me; and there are between thirty and forty who profess to have a hope; and I have heard of many more that I have not conversed with,—yet, God will do greater things. It is in all three of the Baptist churches; but far the greatest work appears to be in the First Church. Mr. Winchell is much engaged;—he is going from house to house, and some whole families are distressed for their souls. They attend his meetings, and send for

him to come and talk with them. The two young ladies, at sister Parsons' whom you visited the Tuesday before you left Boston, are now rejoicing in the truth; and Lucy Jones, the one that you conversed with the first time you went there with me, wished me to write. I will use her own words. "Oh! tell him that I want to see him. I hated him the first time he was here;—I felt that what he said was true; but I resolved not to let him know it." Last Monday, Miss Andrews (who overheard you pray at sister Parsons') was brought to rejoice in God, I trust. She is the same person whom you spoke to, when coming out of sister F——s, at Charlestown, viz: "Farewell! hardened sinner!" This was sent home with great power; and she was in great distress for her soul, till the time I mentioned. There have been others who were wrought upon the evening you preached at Dr. Baldwin's meeting-house.

Dear brother, it would rejoice your heart to see how full our Monday evening meetings have been attended of late. Last Monday evening, there were as many outside of the house as in; and many more obliged to go away. One man, after meeting, cried out and said he would not go away without letting them know what a great sinner he was, and how awfully he had deceived himself; for, thus far, he had thought he was a Christian. He attended the meeting at our house on Thursday, and appeared to be in great distress for his sins. We have established the meeting I talked with you about, and find it very in-

teresting. It is delightful to find souls willing to hear about the Saviour. Such meetings I have not witnessed before for twelve years. God is waking up his children. Oh! my brother, help me to praise the Lord. I do feel as if I had seen what my soul longed to see. Young converts begin to flock to our beloved pastor, Dr. Baldwin, and his soul begins to take hold of the work. Dear brother, pray for us, that Jesus would make a stay with us—that many precious souls may be gathered to the fold of Christ. We long to see you here. Oh, brother, what obligations am I under to God. My house, for three weeks past, has been visited from morning till night, by souls crying, “What shall I do to be saved?”—and souls praising God. Some backsliders have returned, confessing their sins. There are fifty-five anxious souls, twenty-nine of whom have been brought to the knowledge of the truth. I have reason to believe that my daughter, Isabel, is a subject of the work. I entreat you to pray for my only son,—that he may be a subject of redeeming grace. Mr. Low wishes to be remembered to you, and we wish to be remembered to your wife. Our sister Parsons, whom you saw sick, is still happy, though drawing near to death. Her soul appears to be on the wing for heaven. When we tell her she cannot live, she begins to sing, at the thought of being so near home. Such a religion is worth having. Who would not have such a God? but I must bid you adieu, for the present, Do write us; and when it is well with you, O! forget not your unworthy sister,

NANCY LOW.

CANTON, November 5, 1816.

BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST :—I feel as though I ought, in the first place, to make a confession for neglecting you so long ; but, could I express to you, in this letter, the situation in which we have been since I saw you, I think you would excuse me in part. Elder Gipson preached with us three Sabbaths, and with Sharon church four, besides occasional lectures. The church and society, in Sharon, were desirous to have him settle among us ; but our church could not agree to it. The Sharon church then agreed with him to preach with them six Sabbaths more. He has now returned to Newport. The reformation still continues in Sharon, and three persons are to be baptized this week, by Elder Gammell. Nothing special has taken place among us since you was here, except a general declension among the brethren. Almost every brother has deserted his post ; and thereby given the enemy great advantage over us ; and they have improved every opportunity. One thing has taken place, which I hope will do some good. They have turned us out of the school-house, where we used to meet. I do not know as you would wish me to write any thing of my own experience ; but you know it is natural for Christians to talk about themselves. You recollect, no doubt, the state of my mind when you saw me last. I got no relief for a considerable time ; but rather grew worse. I could get no evidence, for months, that I ever knew any thing about religion. I looked up every thing of past experience, and every

exercise of mind that I once thought was from the Lord ; but every thing of the kind appeared like deception, and hypocrisy. My greatest fears were that the Lord had never changed my heart ; and that I should be finally cast off forever. At length, I came to the conclusion that this trouble had arisen from a selfish plan ; that instead of asking the Lord what he would have me do ; I was trying to find out what he would do with me after death. After a season of reflection and meditation, I concluded that, God being my helper, I would try to do his will and leave the welfare of my soul entirely to him. Since then, I think I have enjoyed my mind better ; but I do not enjoy it so well as I once did ; though I have at peace of mind at times, that I venture to call religion. Mrs. Crane enjoys her mind, for the most part of the time, remarkably well ; and so do many of the sisters, and I have thought, at many times, that were it not for the faith, the confidence and prayers of the sisters, our church would lose its name in this world. The reformations in the neighboring towns, have rather abated. Nothing special around us at present. I do not wonder that you thought I had forgotten you ; but, however, it is not so ; and had not the distance been so great, I should have been to you for advice many times since I saw you. I am certain that I never needed your help so much as I have since you left Canton. We have no preaching engaged, and I don't know when we ever shall have. However, I think the situation of our church does not appear quite so

alarming as it has for a month or two past. O! I had forgotten to tell you that Mr. Capen, the husband of sister Capen, who died last spring, has experienced religion. Sister Low wishes to be remembered to you, and that I should remind you of your promise to write to her. I hope you will make me a visit soon.

Yours, &c.,

DEACON F. CRANE.

OHIO TOWNSHIP, July, 1817.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER KENDALL:—It is with satisfaction that I take my pen to communicate some of my thoughts to you. I am just what I was when I used to enjoy your company. As it respects the cause of Christ in this land, the Lord has formed a people for himself, and we read in the Bible that such a people shall show forth his praise. These words, I think, are fulfilled in God's people in this world. I enjoy sweet fellowship with the saints in this quarter; for if I was ever of any use in the cause of Christ, it is here; but this is hid, in a great measure, from my eyes. I have heard that in some parts of Maine, the Lord is doing wonders among the sinful race of Adam. This causes me to rejoice. I pray the Lord that he will carry on his glorious work in the earth. I also hear good news from the westward of us. At the falls of Ohio, the Lord is converting hundreds of poor sinners. They that gladly receive

his word are embracing his ordinances. I think it most probable that you have seen my letters to the brethren in New England; therefore I shall not be so particular in giving you an abstract of the work of the Lord in this place. This church was composed of about twenty or thirty members, and now there are more than one hundred. There has not been but one Conference since that time, but what from one to ten have been baptized. Dear brother, when I look into myself, and see so many wants, and know that all God's people are exercised with the same thoughts, and then have a view of the fulness of God, then all my wants are supplied; and this swallows up all my poverty and trials. I see no other way for me but to watch and pray, and regard all the commands of God; for if the Lord Jesus Christ has promised to discharge all our debts, and bear our charges through this world home to heaven, what have we to fear? Not any thing. Glory and praise to Almighty God for such a plan of grace. For God so loved us, that he gave us his Son, and he will freely give us all things; and if there was no more in divine revelation, than the above proof, that is enough.

Yours, in Brotherly Love,

SAMUEL SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, March 20, 1820.

BROTHER KENDALL:—I received your kind letter of January, in one week after the date. I am inform-

ed, by a letter from my sister, that you have since been called to suffer affliction by the death of one of your children. I hope you feel the consolation which the gospel affords. I hope those comforts are now yours, which you have so often been called to administer to others. When I read your letter, it produced grief and joy. I lament that our Immanuel should be wounded in the house of his friends; yet I rejoice that the church appears determined to heal her wounds, and to amputate her incurable members. Be not discouraged. It is recorded of our Saviour,—“from that time, many went back, and walked no more with him.” if we find persons whose goodness is like the dew of the morning, it is no more than the church of Christ has found in every age of the world. You say, in your letter, “we have good attention on the Sabbath, and some comfortable seasons.” It would rejoice my heart to meet with you. I would say to my brethren,—live near to God, and would tell sinners of that Saviour who died to redeem them. If it should be the pleasure of our Heavenly Father to return me again to Topsham, it appears to me, I shall feel peculiar delight in mingling my prayers with yours, for the salvation of the people.

I remain Yours, in the bonds of

Christian Affection,

ADAM WILSON.

CAMDEN, May 1, 1830.

DEAR AND RESPECTED FRIEND:—I desire greatly

to acknowledge your favor, of March 5. We had hoped to see you here the past winter. I had encouraged the little church here to expect a visit from you; but providence has ordered it otherwise. I knew your calls were many, and they appear to have increased upon you in your attendance on the sick and dying. Our dear sister M——— is called from a world of sin and sorrow to a world of everlasting joy. It must have been a great consolation to her that you was with her in the closing scene of life. I hope our divine Redeemer will continue to strengthen you for all your labors, till you are called to drop this dying body, and hear the blessed sound: "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Deeply do I feel my separation from my dear friends in the church of Christ. The prosperity of that body lies near my heart. Oh! that love and reunion may again pervade the hearts of all its members. The dear sisters, with whom I have been so long united in our little meetings for prayer, are ever before me; when I come to the throne of grace, I feel as if our hearts were there united, and that we shall finally meet to part no more forever. I have great cause to be grateful to my heavenly benefactor, in opening a way, in his kind providence, to supply our wants in the closing scene of life. I have often felt, of late, that my time was short, and death near, but, O, how unprepared! I feel like a slothful creature in my master's vineyard. There appears to be but little of the power of religion in this place. God is solemn-

by warning us of our mortality, by calling one and another around us. There have been many sudden deaths. This afternoon I attended the funeral of a brother and sister, both conveyed to the grave in the same hearse. But the wise and the foolish still continue to sleep. May the Lord, in his infinite mercy, put a cry into the hearts of his dear children for the reviving influence of the Holy Spirit in the souls of all that have been called from darkness to light; and for the awakening of careless and secure sinners; that we may yet witness this great salvation of which we are in expectation. I hope our Heavenly Father will direct your mind this way; and that we shall see you here this present season. Pray for me, that I may live by faith upon the dear Redeemer. I cannot close my letter without expressing my gratitude for all your kind attention to us. May the blessed Saviour grant you all needful supplies of grace.

With respect, Your Friend,

ELIZABETH L. PORTER.

CANTON, July 1, 1817.

DEAR BROTHER:—I improve the present time to write a few lines to my dear Elder, who is about to leave us for a season, if not forever. Believe me, Sir, when I tell you that my affection for you is as great as ever, and I had anticipated a pleasing interview with you, when I could tell you some of the many

trials which beset me, and receive advice, reproof and instruction from you, as I have formerly received. Last night, I could say, not only the *end*, but the *journey* of the perfect man is peace. Yet, often my journey is beset with trials and temptations; and I think sometimes I need some one who has more grace and prudence than myself, to teach me. Such a one are you, as I believe. I earnestly request that when you and I are far separated by mountains and valleys, by sea and land, and you draw near to your dear Saviour in the closet, or around your family altar, or attend the public worship of God; when you remember, at the throne of grace, the members of the infant churches of Canton and Sharon, you will especially remember me, an unworthy brother. In my present feelings, I promise to remember you. I think I rejoice that the time is not far distant, when I trust that you and I shall meet and never more part. These lively hopes we owe to Jesus's dying love. Adieu, dear, very dear brother; and believe you have my best wishes and poor prayers for your temporal and eternal happiness.

E. TILDEN, JR.

COLUMBIA, MAY 4, 1842.

DEAR FATHER KENDALL:—The Baptist church in East Machias are now destitute of preaching, and have no one to minister to them in holy things. When I was in that town a few days since, the committee

which was appointed to procure some one to preach to them, urgently requested me to write and inform you that it is their anxious desire that you would come and labor in that part of the gospel vineyard. And they are the more encouraged to do this, on account of some conversation between yourself and my Uncle William Brown, on this very subject, during his visit to your vicinity the past winter; where I understand it was intimated that you would be pleased to come down this way and spend a few Sabbaths, more or less, the approaching summer, or until they could procure a permanent supply. For my own part, I must say that I am exceedingly anxious that you should come; and hope that your health and other circumstances will permit you to come immediately. It is a very interesting time, as it respects the prosperity of the cause of Christ, in this region, at the present moment. There is scarcely a Baptist church in this vicinity, that has not been more or less revived since the beginning of the present year. And the constant cry is, come over and help us. Hardly a week passes in which I do not receive a request to visit some place and labor in word and doctrine. But I cannot, if I were disposed. My engagements here are such that our Baptist friends would not consent to release me. I have now been laboring in this town four or five months, and I am happy to inform you that my labor has not been in vain, in the Lord, to whom be all the praise. During the present spring, the Lord has greatly revived his work in brother Billing's church,

in Addison, a town adjoining this. Between fifty and sixty have already obtained a hope; and the good work is still progressing. Ten have been baptized, and I am expecting to be present at a baptismal season this afternoon, in that town. Sixteen candidates are waiting to follow the example of our blessed Saviour, by being buried with him in the holy ordinance of baptism. But I have time to write no more. Please inform me by mail as soon as your convenience will permit, so that I may seasonably apprise our Baptist friends in East Machias of your determination. Also remember me kindly to my parents, in Brunswick, if you have opportunity. Likewise to my Uncle and Aunt Hall, and all other inquiring friends. Excuse me, for I write in extreme haste.

With assurance of much respect and esteem, I am
very affectionately, yours in the Gospel of Christ,

ROGER WMS. E. BROWN.

TO ELDER H. KENDALL,

Topsham, Maine.

CAMDEN, May 8th, 1843.

FATHER KENDALL:—You will excuse me, I hope, or presuming to address a few lines to you at present, as I feel desirous to communicate to you what will doubtless, be in some small degree, a source of gratification to one who has always manifested some inter-

est in my eternal welfare. To speak to you of my former religious feelings would be altogether useless, as you are probably well aware of what they have been. But I am desirous to acquaint you with some of the feelings which I have of late experienced, for I trust that the Spirit of God has at length found me out; and once more placed me upon sure footing. Perhaps you have some knowledge of the revival which has, of late, taken place at Waterville College, of which I am a member. God has indeed been there in his might, and has turned many from the ways of sin, and the deeps of iniquity, into the service of the only true God. About twenty have been hopefully converted from the error of their ways, and are now rejoicing in the Lord. It was a solemn time when the Spirit of the Most High was operating upon the hearts of men—bringing them to see the relations which they sustained to God and eternity;—the corrupt nature of their own hearts, and the holiness of God's divine government, and leading them, in view of these things, to cry out in the language of awakened sinners—"What shall we do to be saved?" Many of those who had been most opposed to religion, and who had been accustomed to disbelieve and ridicule every thing connected with it, were brought to acknowledge that there was, indeed, a God in the heavens, who took cognizance of every thought, word and deed; and who would speedily bring them into judgment to answer for them, if unrepented of. The haughty scoffer, and the daring blasphemer were

brought to confess their sins, and bow the knee before the King of heaven, acknowledging that he was greater and mightier than they. The interest has in some measure abated at present, at least, among the unconverted. The chief attention of the young converts is now directed to their own establishment in the faith, their growth in grace, and advancement in religious knowledge. It is the intention to have daily meetings during the summer, for the purpose of prayer and mutual instruction, probably about an hour each day. We are desirous of acquiring an ease and familiarity in speaking in meetings upon religious subjects, so that we may be better prepared to fulfil our part when called upon under different circumstances. There is now a short vacation at the College, and I am spending a few days in Camden. There has been no particular interest here since, you left, with the exception of a short season of revival last year in the Methodist church. The state of religion here now is very low in all the churches. Why it is that while the Lord is at work all around us, this town is passed by, I know not, unless there may be some Jonahs here. I sincerely pray to God that if I am in the way, he will remove me out of the way, in the manner best pleasing to him. I think I am anxious to see the work of the Lord advanced here and am willing to do whatever God may require of me for that purpose. Mr. Dunbar has taken his dismissal as pastor over the church, and Elder Bartlett has accepted a call from them. You don't know, Father Kendall, how much I desire

to see you, and talk with you upon many points. While I was striving to get back into the place from which I fell, I thought that if I could but see you, it would be all that I could ask. I was completely bewildered, and was indeed lost. But I trust that I have been found, and by the Spirit of God. For, if it had depended upon myself, I should have always remained in the dark. I felt that you would understand my case perfectly, and could I see you, I could find out what to do. Everything that was told me appeared blind, and I could not understand it. I knew what I wanted, but did not know how to get it. I trust I shall have the privilege of seeing you soon, and of conversing with you upon many subjects. Oh! that I had properly appreciated the privilege while I enjoyed it. How much might I have learned of the plan of salvation, and of the manner of God's workings with the children of men. God helping, I mean for the future, to avail myself more of the advantages of those kinds, which I may enjoy. I may go to college and books for instruction, but to learn of the pure doctrines of grace, and to understand the pure principles of the Bible, I desire to have, for instructors, aged and experienced ministers of the gospel.

I find, as yet, some difficulty in reconciling fully free grace and God's complete sovereignty, and should like much to have you explain upon them to me. I firmly believe in both, and could with difficulty bring myself to do otherwise, even if I wished, but cannot clearly see the connection between the two. I have

not as yet joined any church, though I intend to do so before long. I am a Baptist in every thing, I believe. I would gladly write more of my feelings, but it is easy for you to understand what they have been, for it almost seems to me that you can tell people's feelings by looking at them. I shall return to Water-ville on Monday next, and hope to receive from you an answer to this letter as soon as is convenient for you to write. Please accept the kind wishes of father, mother and all the family, as well as those of an unworthy worm.

N. M. WOOD.

TOPSHAM, AUG. 14, 1842.

DEAR FATHER:—We received yours of the 10th, and one you wrote ten days after you left home; but but we forgot to mention it in ours of the 5th. And now, Dear Father, it becomes my painful duty to inform you that Asenath has gone, to be here no more forever. She died Wednesday, the 10th inst., at 3 o'clock in the morning; the same day you wrote. She remained as comfortable as when I wrote, until about 24 hours before she died; when she had a more severe pain in the bowels, which passed off into her stomach; but they soon relieved her of her distress and she remained quite easy until dark, when her senses were gone, and her nerves in a dreadful state until Death closed the scene. The Doctor thinks that mortification took place twenty-four hours before she

died. Elder Adams talked faithfully to her, but Oh! she has died without any change in her mind, or any reflections on the past, that we know of. O, may the Lord sustain you and us; and prepare you and us for whatever he has prepared for us, is the prayer of your only son.

HIRAM KENDALL.

DEAR BROTHER KENDALL:—I am now in Boston and find an opportunity to inform you how the good work of God is going on in Dorchester, N. B. Brother S—— continues to preach with us; and would like to hear from you, as we all should. When you left us, we had hopes of seeing you again; but our hopes are all blasted. I wish you to write and let us know how the good work of God prospers with you. I know that He can do anything that is consistent with His holy will. The state of religion has been very low with us; but of late there is quite a revival. Old christians are waking up; and the Lord appears to be going forth in the greatness of his power. The prayer of this worm is, that it may continue until the earth be full of the Glory of Cod. Do write and let us know all about your situation. Brother S——'s wife is still deranged. Bro. Davis is still in Sackville Young Mrs. Cole, who lived in our house when you was there, has been baptized, and is a good member the church. I remain your friend till death.

BOSTON, SEPT. 15, 1837. MARINER LAMB.

A JUDGMENT HYMN—WRITTEN NOV. 24, 1845.

- 1 Awake, my soul, from slumbers !
Behold! the Judge is nigh ;
The midnight cry proclaims him,
Descending down the sky.
- 2 The elements are melting ;
The moon is turned to blood ;
The sun withdraws its shining,
Before its maker, God.
- 3 Behold the graves are opening ;
The saints begin to rise ;—
With raiments white and shining,
To meet him in the skies.
- 4 The mountains, they are melting ;
The seas are all on flame :
The saints are shouting Glory !
To Jesus' blessed name.
- 3 They rise in his blest likeness,
To weep for sin no more ;
They triumph in his brightness ;
On Glory's blissful shore.
- 6 They'll praise his name forever,
Who brought them home to God ;
And sing Redeeming Mercy,
Through Jesus' precious blood.

7 Redeemed millions praise Him,
Upon the highest key,
Who bled and died for sinners,
Upon Mount Calvary.

8 Then all the saints in glory,
In armies broad and long,
Will praise the Great Redeemer,
In one eternal song.

November 21, 1851.—I am now in my 78th year. For two years past I have been almost distracted with a diseased head, which has affected my whole nervous system. For three months, I have preached most of the Sabbaths. Of late, I have supplied the church in Liberty several sabbaths; and have enjoyed some precious seasons. Several lovely youths have experienced religion the season past; and to hear them talk and pray, in our social meetings, has been really interesting, and has revived many of the past seasons of life.

Early last spring, I was called to preach a few Sabbaths with the first Baptist church in Hallowell, as they were destitute of a pastor. They were in a very distracted state. There I witnessed the sad effects of imprudence in their

former pastors, who suffered themselves to be identified with a party, and after they left, had correspondence with their party. Therefore the division had been increased, so as to threaten the destruction of the church. After spending six sabbaths with them, I returned home, sick in body and in soul. But after a while, they concluded to drop the controversy, and united in settling another pastor. Our pastor being out of health last summer, I supplied his pulpit four sabbaths. But almost throughout this entire region the churches appear to be in a Laodicean state. Oh! when will the sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings?

November 28.—I was not able to attend my appointment last sabbath in Liberty, by reason of an ague sore in my head; neither shall I be able to attend with them next Sabbath, although I am some better. I feel deeply interested for their spiritual welfare.

December 28, 1851.—Supplied the church at Liberty two sabbaths more. Having received an appointment from Bro. N. Butler to assist him in collecting money for Foreign Missions, I went to South China and collected \$9,75. I then went to Hallowell and attended the ordination of Bro. Taylor, and heard a sermon from Dr.

Pattison which did me much good. I then went to Alna and Newcastle, and made arrangements with Bro. Mathews to collect their missionary money. I then returned home and was taken sick, and have been unable to preach or travel up to this time.

February 15, 1852.—I started again on my agency, and went to Damariscotta, Nobleboro', Waldoboro', and two churches in Jefferson and Whitefield. I then returned home, having collected \$8,45. Since that time I have tried to preach four sermons; but with great weakness and distress in my head.

To-day, July 3d, 1852, I am 78 years old. what a worthless creature I am! Much of my time I am contemplating my exit into the eternal world—sometimes with complacency, at other times it looks dark. But I hope through the sufferings of my dear Redeemer, I shall be found a pardoned rebel. What a solemn thing it is to die! and yet I seem to have a peculiar pleasure in bringing it near. Why should I fear to die, since Jesus died and conquered death for all his members?

Should I be found among that throng,
Redeemed with Jesus' blood;

Eternity 'll be none too long
To praise the triune God.

I have just received the news of the death of my long loved brother, Dea. J. Perkins, of Meredith, N. H. His son writes : "I never saw a man enjoy himself better than he did in his last sickness." He was about 85 years old.

August 12, 1852, I received the following letter, from my dear grand-daughter, Mary E. Fairfield, of Portland, dated August 10th, 1853.

DEAR GRANDPA :—I have wished to write to you a long time, but have not been able for want of time to say all I wished to. I suppose you will think me very worldly not to have time to write one letter. I work in the shop ; and when I am at home my time is wholly engaged in work. Sundays I go to meeting all day. Dear Grandpa, you may have heard that I have (as I hope and trust) laid up my treasure in Heaven, where moth nor rust does not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. I have not enjoyed my mind so well for a few weeks past as I have at other times. Yet I cannot give up the hope that I have, that I shall soon enjoy the light of God's countenance. I have had many doubts and fears of late. I have looked at myself ; and when I see how sinful my heart is, I feel as though I had never known what true religion is. I know there are those who rest on something short of true religion ; and I fear lest I should be one

of them. I think that is some reason why I have not enjoyed my mind any better of late. O, how I wish you were here to talk to me and give me good advice ! Oh ! Grandpa, I want you to pray for me. I want to be better. I want to love God with all my heart. It seems as if I could tell a good warm hearted christian just how I feel. I cannot find words to express what I do feel. There is so much pride and sin left, that I think sometimes, if I were a child of God, I should be better. I do not doubt the goodness and mercy of God. If I know my own heart, it is my sincere desire to be a faithful disciple of Christ. Last November, I went to the Ward Room on Franklin street, where a Baptist meeting was held. That evening, I think I felt my situation in some measure. I continued to go there. I was deeply convicted ; and in about three weeks, I trust I gave my heart to God. Since that, they have been recognized as the third Baptist church in this city. Quite a number have been baptized and have joined the church ; of whom I am one. We have an excellent pastor, Mr. Brown, I know you will like him, he is such a good man. A number of your friends from Harpswell and Topsham are here. They wish to see you very much. Do come this fall. Mother and the children have gone out of town to spend the week. No doubt you have heard of the death of Howard and Levi. They have gone, to be here no more. I think they are at rest ; and I shall one day meet them in that bright land, where parting words are not spoken. O, do write

a long letter soon! Mrs. Horrie says she wants to hear you sound your trumpet once more. Do come and see us this fall, both of you.

MARY E. FAIRFIELD.

The above letter made my heart glad; and soon after, I wrote the following letter to her.

CHINA, AUG. 1852.

MY DEAR MARY E. FAIRFIELD:—Yours of the 10th is received; and nothing could have gladdened my heart more, than to hear that you have passed from death to life. I humbly hope that God has answered your dear mother's prayers on her dying bed. From that time till now, you have shared my feeble prayers; and from the tenor of your letter I can but think that you have chosen that good part that will keep you from the snares of sin in youth and sustain you in a dying hour. I gather my strongest hope of you from the complaint you make about your depravity; for the reign of grace will certainly lead the christian to cry out, "Oh, wretched creature that I am!" This will lead you to see the necessity of watchfulness and prayer for grace to overcome your own propensity to sin. But O, I tire! Alas! my trembling hand. My health is poor. I am unable to go to meeting. My nerves are so weak I cannot bear the singing and preaching. I must soon go to the grave. If I should get better, we shall try to visit you this fall. Give our best respects to your father and moth-

er and the children. We should be glad to see you here. Your affectionate grand-father,

HENRY KENDALL.

September 2, 1852.—Myself and wife went to Topsham and Brunswick to visit my children. We then went to Harpswell and spent the sabbath. Monday we went on board a sloop, and arrived at Portland about one o'clock, P. M., and found my dear grand-daughter, Mary E., taking her bed with a settled fever. She was unable to converse; but her hope in Christ appeared firm. The next morning, I went to her bed and found her very feeble. She put her dear arm around my neck and said, "Grandpa, pray for me." She continued to sink till Friday night, and then took her flight from earth to heaven, to dwell forever with Christ, to whom she had given her heart in the bloom of life. Thus her dear parents have been bereaved of four dear children from nine years old to seventeen, in the space of fifteen weeks. But they have been divinely supported under those bitter strokes. But to myself it is a bitter sweet. To see her cut down in the bloom of life, with all her loveliness and piety, is very bitter. But when I think of the boundless mercy of God in rescuing her soul in youth, and preparing her for

and taking her home to heaven, I am ready to say, it is enough. For I shall soon go to her. She cannot return to me.

November.—I have just heard of the death of my dear brother, Elder Isaac Case, with whom I have enjoyed much sweet counsel and fellowship, for fifty years. He died in the 92d year of his age. “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.” He was almost 13 years older than myself.

My soul attend. He beckons thee away,
To leave this world of sin and join in endless day;
To praise the blessed Lamb, who bought us with his
blood,
And through much tribulation has brought us home
to God.

May, 1853.—Within the two last years I have heard of the death of my last brother and two sisters. And I am the only one left of my mother's ten children. I have recently been called to part with another lovely grand-daughter, Angelia Howland, of Topsham, aged 17, who died in the hope of a blessed immortality.

July, 1853.—I have entered upon my eight-

ieth year, and have been able to supply the church in China, for three months past. But,

“ The land of silence and of death

Attends my next remove.

Oh may these poor remains of breath

Teach the wide world thy love !”

China, Dec. 10, 1853.—This afternoon my thoughts have been running over the past scenes of my life, and, although I am very feeble and my nerves are so unstrung that I cannot guide my pen steadily, I thought I would write a few lines for the close of this book.

I have received the Minutes of nearly all the Associations in this State, and have looked over the names of the Baptist ministers that now occupy this great field. I find but very few now living that were my fellow-laborers 40 years ago; and this is true, in a great measure, in all the States where I have travelled to preach the gospel. I often find myself calling over their names and thinking of the sweet counsel we have taken together, and also of the thousands of dear saints with whom I have held sweet fellowship, who are also gone the way of all the earth. I shall see them no more.

Thus I reflect, till my heart is overwhelmed, and my eyes are filled with tears, and I exclaim,—

“ The fathers, where are they ? and the prophets do not live forever ; but all these who have died in the faith have gotten the victory, through the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony ; and they are walking in white where no sin can enter.” Some times my unworthy soul longs to be with them. But here I am, almost fourscore years old ; I must soon follow them.

There is one subject that lies like a mountain on my soul ; it is the present state of the churches. I have long noticed a general decline of vital piety, and many of the professed children of God have betaken themselves to the elements of the world, regardless of their covenant engagements. They have become vain, with foolish talking and jesting, to say nothing of tattling and backbiting, which God has forbidden. It is true, once in a while there is a little revival and a few are added to the church ; but alas, how many of them turn again to folly. The lack of faithful discipline also, is opening the mouths of gain-sayers.

Is it not time for the ministers of Christ to lift up their voices like a trumpet, to cry aloud and spare not, until they have shown to the church their transgression, before God shall come to make inquisition for blood ?

Oh, the importance of being found on our watch-tower! Let us then not sleep as do others, but let us gird on the whole armor of God, that when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, we may meet him with joy. HENRY KENDALL.

The first of these is the fact that the majority of the cases of this disease are reported from the United States and Europe. It is not known whether this is due to a higher prevalence of the disease in these countries or to a higher frequency of reporting.

The second of these is the fact that the disease is more common in the young than in the old. This is probably due to the fact that the young are more susceptible to the disease and also to the fact that the disease is more likely to be reported in the young.

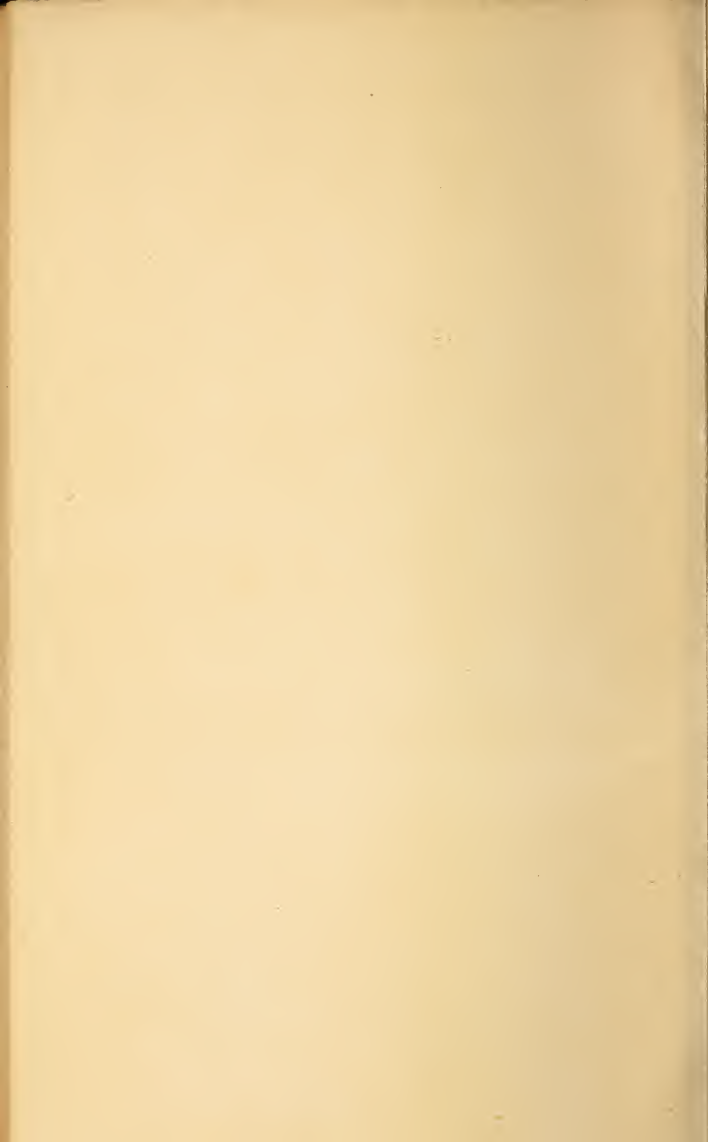
The third of these is the fact that the disease is more common in the male than in the female. This is probably due to the fact that the male are more susceptible to the disease and also to the fact that the disease is more likely to be reported in the male.

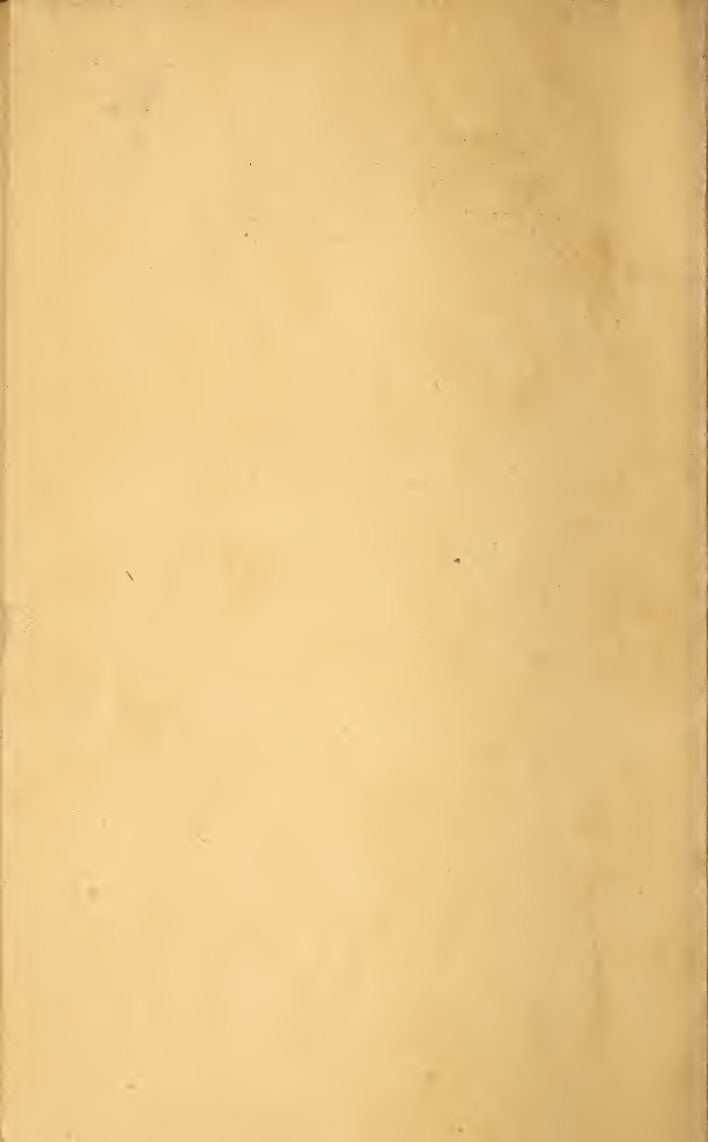
The fourth of these is the fact that the disease is more common in the winter than in the summer. This is probably due to the fact that the disease is more likely to be reported in the winter and also to the fact that the disease is more likely to be contracted in the winter.

The fifth of these is the fact that the disease is more common in the city than in the country. This is probably due to the fact that the disease is more likely to be reported in the city and also to the fact that the disease is more likely to be contracted in the city.









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